

The Gannarrack



January
1914



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Miss Rodgers (in Public Speaking)—“Some one is knocking at the door.”

Jean G. (just aroused from a reverie)—“Come in.”

Sam L. (in Algebra)—“Adelaide, what do you do when multiplying a division problem?”

Adelaide D.—“You turn them upside down and multiply.”

Will a woman ever be president?
Not likely, so we are told,

For the reason, I guess,
She'd have to confess
She was forty-five years old.

—Ex.

If both shoes were alike they
could not be mates. In order
that they may both be right, one
must be left.

“What is the latest definition
of high finance?”

“Forming an airship trust.”

When a girl comes home from
cooking school

Her mother heaves a sigh
As she sees her put an upper
crust

On the family pumpkin pie.

English Teacher to Freshie—
“Who was Lott?”

Freshie—“Lott was Abraham's
wife.”

Eng. Teacher (turning to Senior in back of room)—“Who was Lott?”

Brilliant Senior—“Wasn't Lott
the one that was turned to
salt?”

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Mr. Bonser (in Agriculture Class)—"What are the three classes of plants as to the length of time they live?"

(Silence.)

Mr. Bonser (answering own question)—"One year are called annual, two years biennial. Now what would they be called if they lived indefinitely?"

Cleo K.—"Triangle."

Tom Allen—"We lose a good distance man when Murrel Davies goes."

Bob York—"Why don't you run, Tom, you are like Murrel in some ways?"

Tom A.—"Aw, I can't run."

Bob Y.—"Tom, you have the wind and the speed will come with training."

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Advice to the Physicists

A scientist has recommended
that we eat fish as they make
brains. Some people need to eat
whales.

LATIN

(By a Victim)

I love my dear old Latin,
It makes me feel so glad;
But when I start a-flunkin',
I get it from my Dad.

Agricola stands for farmer,
Puela stands for girl,
Magna it means greater,
I don't know what means
"pearl."

When Latin days are over,
I'll be so very glad;
But when I start a-workin',
I suppose that I'll feel sad.

"Why don't you take music?"
"Oh, there are too many
swells."

Mr. Ramsay, walking in the
hall stumbled on Hob. S.'s feet.
Hob. S.—"Pardon my feet, Mr.
Ramsay."

Mr. Ramsay—"That's a lot to
ask of one."

Josephine—"I understand Raymond B. couldn't play for the
dance the other evening."

Rebecca—"How is that?"

Josephine—"He said his foot
was sore and he couldn't keep
time."



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The "Purity Squad" has decided that the turkey trot must go. As a mere expression of opinion that is one good guess. It certainly does go.

Paul Cox (in class meeting)—
"I move we postpone our meeting till a previous date."

Visitor—"Reg., what subject do you like best at school?"

Reg. B. (absently)—"Girls."

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The Tamarack

Volume V JANUARY, 1914 Number 3

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Elizabeth Farquhar	Alumni
Stuart Lower	Current Events
Jack Abrams	Sports
Virginia Riblet	Jokes
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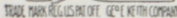
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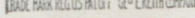


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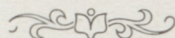
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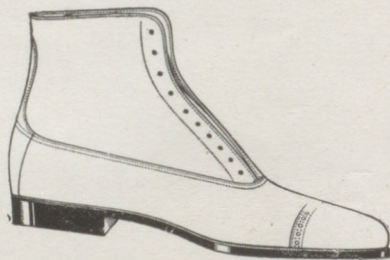
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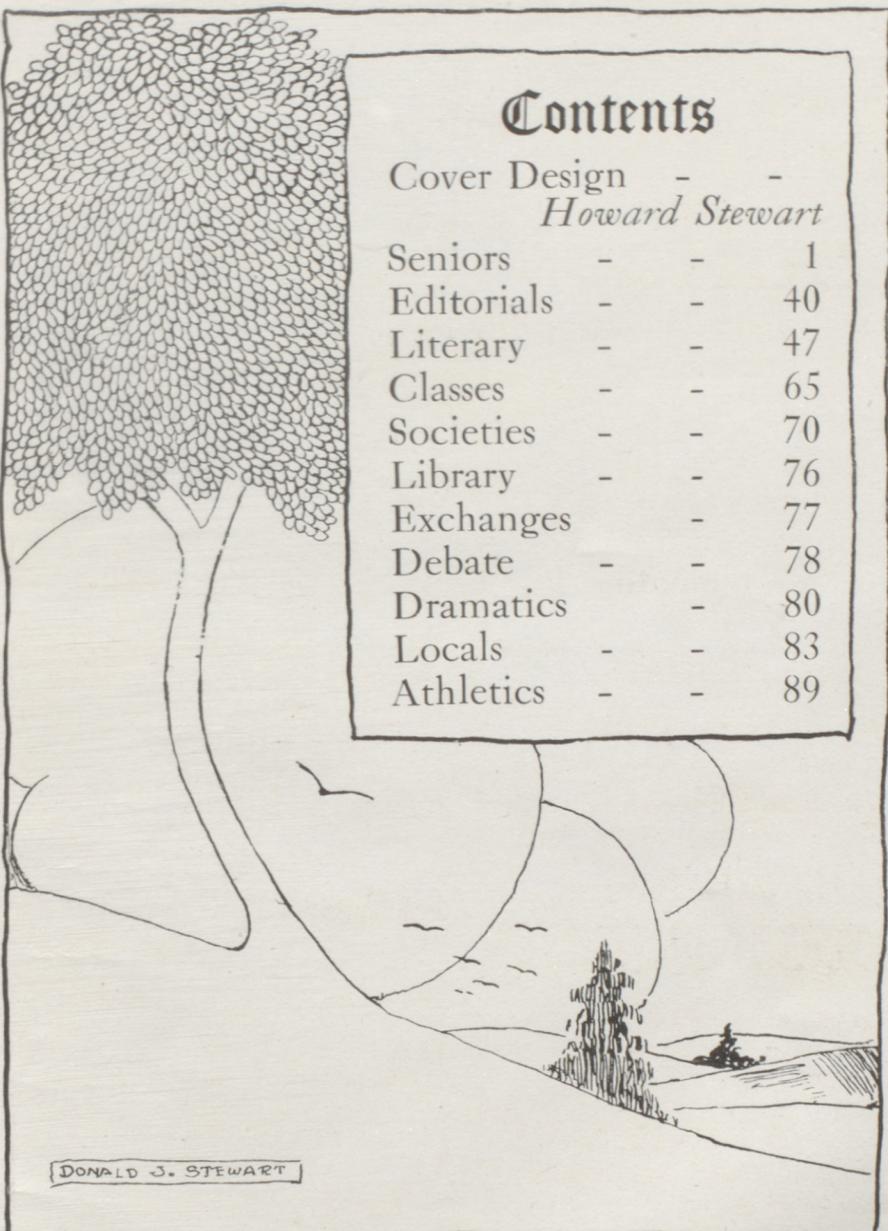
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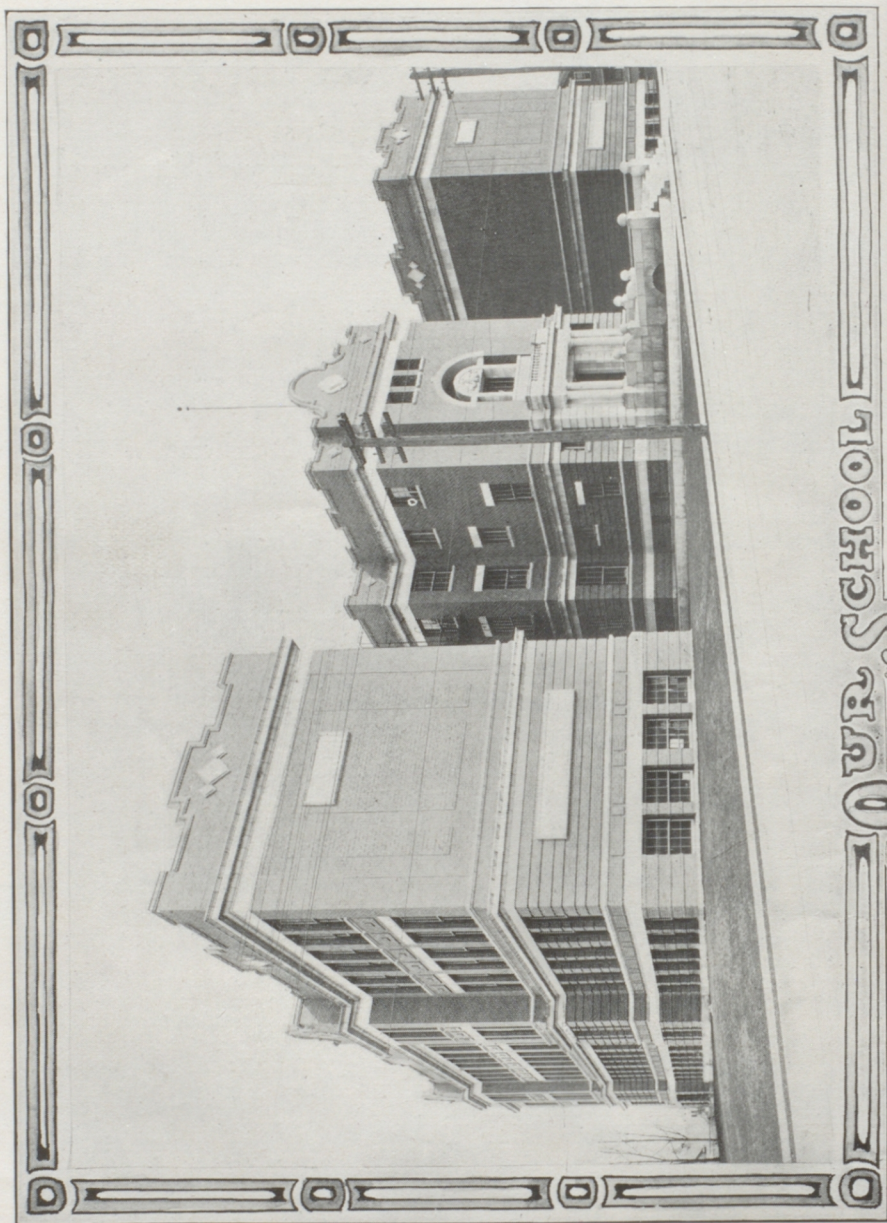
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Dedicated
to
the
Class of January
'14

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A decorative border frames the top and right sides of the page. On the left, a lamp with a flame sits atop a pedestal, with radiating lines emanating from it. A woman in a long, flowing gown and a black graduation cap stands to the right of the lamp, looking down at a book she holds. The entire illustration is rendered in a detailed, etched style.

SENIORS

HOWARD G. STEWART



R. T. Hargreaves
Principal



Dr. Benefiel
Asst. Principal



L. W. Sawtelle
Class Director



E. J. Prickett
*Faculty Director
of Tamarack*



Louis Levin

William Eddy

Berta Hindley

Laverne Borell

Reba Clark

Edward Shears



Richard Maurer, Treas.

Laverne Borell, Reporter to Tamarack

Jack Abrams, President

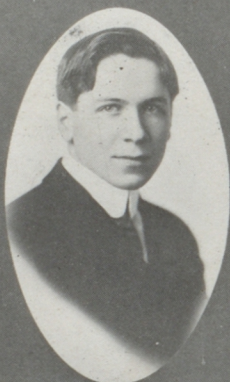
Gladys Bailey, Vice Pres.

Helen Barline, Secretary

Arthur Jones, Sergeant-at-Arms



Glenna Kenyon is quiet but a fine girl to know. She has always been interested in the brighter side of life at North Central and doesn't long for the sorrows.



Frank Thunberg is a man with a quiet disposition and not easily excited. Great surprise has been manifested when of late he has become a society man.



Susanna Smith graduates from the Household Arts Course. She played the teacher's part in "Tit for Tat" with exceptional talent.

Arthur Jones was one of North Central's good football players for 1913, consequently is quite popular with the fair sex.

Ferris Gehrke has been an active member of North Central. She has taken prominent parts in musical work and plays, and charms all who hear her, by her voice.

Walter Johnson has been interested in the sciences, of high school, showing himself particularly apt in Chemistry Class.





Hugh McElroy has made himself famous in high school for his work on the baseball diamond and is popular both with the members of the class and many in the school.



Jessie Brewer has been active in the Music Department of the school and was chosen as a member of the first Girls' Quartet.



Verne Palmer entered North Central in September, 1913, from Hill-yard High School. He is interested in tennis and basket-ball.

Alfreda Charles—One of the five on the honor roll, has been interested in all activities of the class, and has gained many friends.

Melvin Pugh is an exceptional student in Commercial work. He takes the leading role in the Class Play.

Fay Hiser—Though diminutive in stature Fay has held her own in the Commercial Course as well as in every activity in which she has taken part.





Edward Shears entered with the Class of January '10 and immediately took up debating and oratory, in which he has won many honors. He is a member of the State Debating Team, and is one of the Commencement Orators.

Ella Miller is quiet but has made many friends during her four years in North Central. She took part in the comedy, "Tit for Tat," in her Senior B team.

Clarence Sampson graduates from the Commercial Course and is very studious, especially when he is separated from Ella in the library.

Edith Sprague may be seen at almost any time looking for Flora, who can not elude her watchful eye. She graduates from the Course of Household Arts.

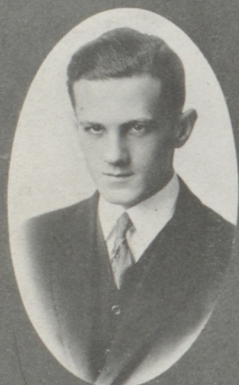
Eugene Tollefson, a quiet, good-natured member of the class whose main business is passing.

Irene Sirginson has taken part in all class affairs and has made many friends in spite of her unassuming, quiet manner.





Elizabeth Farquhar is one of the Mathematicians of the class. She is President of the Mathematics Club and has been associated with that organization since it started.



Lester Wood has taken a large part in school activities since entering high school. He has been Student Manager of the Athletic Board during his Senior A term.



Lutie Hicks has been interested in debating since her Freshman year, graduates from the General Course, and has taken prominent parts in all class activities.

Ernestine Macdonald is a very popular member of the class, is interested in all North Central activities, and takes a prominent part in the Class Play.

Louis Levin, a coming Caruso, took the leading role in "Bul-Bul" and will appear on the Commencement program. He has always been interested in musical work of the school and is liked by all who know him.

Donald Neely has won many friends in school and out, by his ever ready wit and good humor. He took one of the leading parts in "Tit for Tat" and takes a prominent part in the Class Play.





Larvern Borell has taken great interest in literary work, is a member of the Masque and has been chosen by the class to appear on the Commencement program.



George Stevens is interested in all activities pertaining to North Central. He has helped to win many victories by his speed with the basketball, on the gym floor.



Truma Thomas graduates from the Household Arts Course. She has won many honors and takes a leading role in the Class Play. Her industry in classes has won her a place on the honor roll.

William Eddy is second on the honor roll and is one of the Commencement Orators. He has been interested in debating for some time and is President of the Debating Society.

Florence Allen has been an earnest student of the Classical Course for four years. She is quiet but loyal to the class and to the school.

Alvin House has certainly had his share in the activities of the school and class. He is Editor-in-Chief of the Tamarack.





Gladys Bailey is Vice President of the Senior A Class and has served as an officer during other terms. She is popular not only with those of the class but with the whole school.



Jack Abrams—Jack came to North Central, a powerful youth, and has taken part in athletics of every nature. Not only has he captained the football and basket-ball teams, but he is equally popular in the class, and is now serving his third term as president.



Reba Clark was appointed by Mr. Hargreaves as an orator for Commencement. She was President of the Senior B Class and has assisted with the work in the office during the past term.

Otto Warn, a student whose graduation will mean a loss to North Central, has been Treasurer of the class, Business Manager of the Tamarack, and Business Manager of the Class Play.

Roberta Hindley has the distinction of being first on the honor roll of the class. She has won great favor with all her teachers because of her studious nature, and with the class because she is a jolly good girl.

Richard Maurer is Treasurer of the Senior A Class and a jolly good fellow. He played on the football team this year and gained the letter which he had decided to win.





Harold Hamilton is a retiring member of the class, but full of the North Central spirit.



Frankie Dinsmore came to North Central as a Junior from Colville, is taking the Scientific Course, which fits her, as she enjoys finding out everything, and always speaks her mind frankly, as her name indicates.

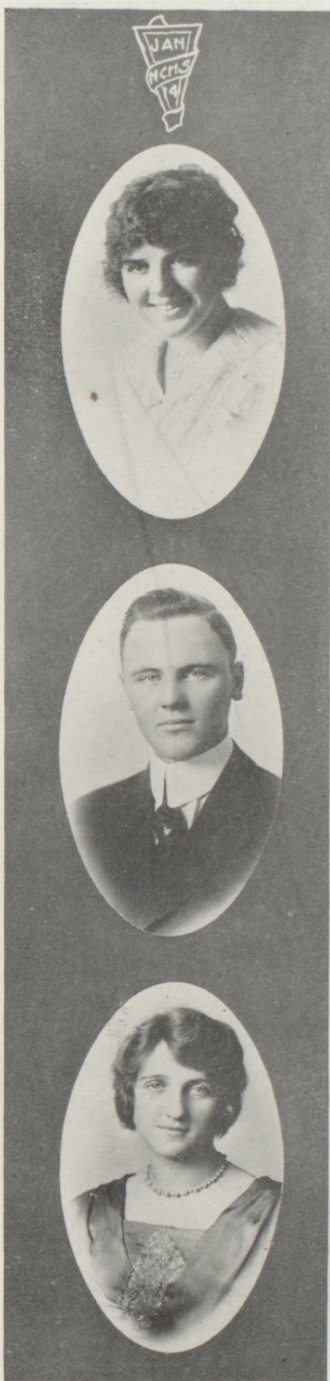


Murrel Davies—Spud has been interested in track throughout his high school course. He was captain of the track team in 1912 and can distance the best man in the school when it comes to long runs or talks in Economics.

Christine Cremans—A dark-haired damsel of winning ways, a fine friend to have.

Ralph Knudson is quiet so long as he is happy. He is not particularly interested in North Central girls except in those who have graduated.

Thelma Sherer is a lovable girl, whose one ambition is to quit laughing, for she thinks that "Laughing makes the face grow rounder." She has taken great interest in all school activities and finds a friend in every one.





Georgia Eininger is a silver-tongued orator. She can talk for an entire period upon the superb qualities of one young man. She is interested in all of the pleasures of life.



Maurice Bristol, a person popular with the feminine portion of the class.



Blanche Nickham is a popular member of our class whose efforts have in a large measure helped to establish its reputation.

Edna Herrington has been interested in all dramatics and took second prize in the Masque Declamation Contest during her Senior year.

Helen Barline, our Secretary, keeps tab on everything done by the class, with the help of her record-book and pen.

Hazel Britton has always been interested in school activities. She has taken part in plays given by the German Society and is the leading lady in the Class Play.





Leona Pierson — Leona's interests have been many and varied since her admission to North Central as a Freshman. She has been connected with the German Society, dramatics, and music.



Howard Potter has been interested in debating since he was a Freshman and was one of the organizers of the Commercial Club, which was formed during the past year. He takes the part of "Moles," the butler, in the Class Play.

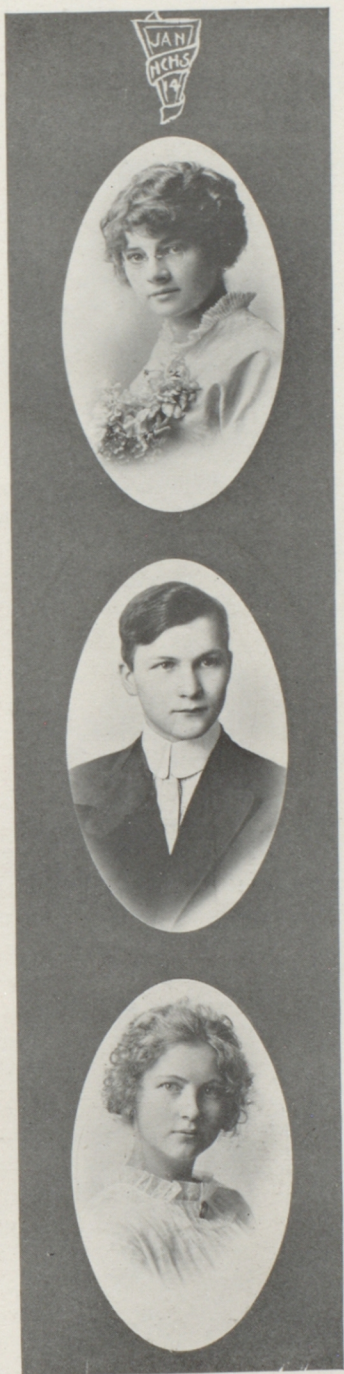


Lois Darr—A quiet maid of peaceful mind, creates little excitement and causes her teachers no anxiety.

Claudia Lawrence graduates from the Scientific Course, which she says is part foolishness, but she has started and will not back down.

Arthur Davenny—Art has played in the orchestra and band, during his high school career, and is quite clever with a basket-ball.

Ada Charles graduates from the General Course in three and one-half years. She has always been addicted to hard study, thus gaining the esteem of her teachers and classmates.





CLASS WILL

WE, THE CLASS OF JANUARY FOURTEEN, Being about four years of age, and, being for the present both mentally deranged and physically indisposed to perform the unsacred duty of will-making because of the wounds received in the many and frequent contests against Schiller and Virgil, and various trips to the office, do make, publish, and declare this, **our** last will and testament, to-wit:

FIRST—To the various Senior A Classes coming hereafter, we will and bequeath our most worthy Director, that under his guidance, they may follow successfully in our footsteps.

SECONDLY—To Gladys Bailey we will and bequeath our honorable President, to have and to hold unto eternity.

THIRDLY—To the Faculty we will and bequeath Don Briley, John Lichty, Flora Mitchel, and others, with the understanding that said Faculty take it upon themselves to see that said parties and others graduate with the Class of June Fourteen.

FOURTHLY—To the Senior B girls we will and bequeath the exclusive right and privilege of holding pink teas in the session room every afternoon during the fifth period.

FIFTHLY—To divers aspirants of glory and honor on the gridiron we will and bequeath the unsurpassable abilities of Jack Abrams, Art Jones, and Dick Maurer.

SIXTHLY—To Carol Hocking we will and bequeath Ferris Gehrke's echo.

SEVENTHLY—To the Editor of Life, we will and bequeath Mr. Collins' bundle of well-preserved jokes, that with them, that magazine may receive a new lease on life.

EIGHTHLY—To divers Freshmen who have difficulty in reaching their respective class-rooms on time, we will and bequeath Murrel Davies' highly accelerated and graceful walk.

NINTHLY—To the Junior A Class, we will and bequeath the following letter to be given to dilatory members at the close of the semester. Contents as follows:

Respected Fellow-Sufferers:

In anticipation of the fact that the dreaded disease, "credut-deficientio," is now making its ravage among your members, and having passed through the same agonies of mind in which you now writhe, we wish to state that "additional attendance," taken regularly for ninety days in these beloved class-rooms, is the only safe and reliable cure for such ailments.

Signed: Certain members with four and one-half years' experience.

TAMARACK.

TENTHLY—To future Literary Editors of the Tamarack we will and bequeath all excellent but unavailable manuscripts submitted to the present editor.

ELEVENTHLY—To the High School Auditorium we will and bequeath an interior scene with an act drop curtain.

TWELFTHLY—To the office we will and bequeath the person of Miss Reba Clark as an able assistant to Miss Corwin.

THIRTEENTHLY—To the High School at Large we will and bequeath a phonograph fitted with an automatic repeating apparatus, invented by certain ingenious members of the class (pat. pend). Said phonograph is to be placed in the library and the record to be used will consist of a replication of familiar sounds in familiar voices such as Mr. Lienau's, "Seventy lines in advance, please!" Miss Fehr's, "Do you 'ralize' this?" Mr. Prickett's, "As it were!" Mr. Sawtelle's, "I s'pose so!" Mr. Kreider's, "Girls! Girls! Girls! Where is my knife?" and others—said record will wind up with one of Mr. Collins' psychological yarns!

ELIZABETH FARQUHAR,
ALFREDA CHARLES,
FLORENCE ALLEN,
EUGENE TOLLEFSON.

In Witness Whereof, we hereunto sign our names in the presence of testators and each other.

Signed this 25th day of January, 1913.

FRED LAWRENCE,
ERNEST PETERSON,
Witness' Signature.





A PIPE DREAM

While listening to a thrilling I. W. W. speech by Louis Levin Arthur Jones' attention was suddenly diverted from the fiery eloquence of the speaker by the constant muttering of some one at his elbow. Upon turning he recognized the broad smile of Mr. Sawtelle, who was industriously engaged in taking the speech in shorthand.

"I'll be plague-blasted if it isn't Mr. Sawtelle!"

Goodness, gracious! Arthur Jones, what are you doing in Cambridge?"

"I am studying law at Harvard."

"Are there any more of the Jan. '14 Class here?" asked Mr. Sawtelle.

"Yes, Jack Abrams, and if the rest of the class are doing what I dreamed they were, they are certainly having a fine time."

"Yes? But what did you dream about them? I have met a number of them in my travels. Now let's see what a good dreamer you are."

"My first verification came just now as I stumbled into Senator Levin's meeting. It was after the big game last week when I sat in my den up at the club toasting my shins and living over again the last few hours. Jack Abrams came in for a few moments and, of course, we talked over, for the hundredth time, the good old days in the North Central. I suppose this must have been what started my dream.

"At first I was in the game again. I remember well being swept off my feet and riding ten yards of 'Buffalo Dombie's' broad shoulders, and my fright when I looked down to see how far I must fall but could only see the field and players as a hazy spot. I looked again at my opponent, trying to discover what had happened, but instead of his hot breach coming in even gasps it was the exhaust of an engine. In unspeakable terror, I looked for the driver of this infernal invention of some diseased mind, commonly called genius, and would you believe me, there sat George Stevens with that same do-it-if-you-can smile on his face that he always wore when he was working the hardest in that championship basket-ball team of the Jan. '14 Class.

"'Why, hello, how are you feeling?' he said, just as if it was the most natural thing in the world, my being up there busting clouds faster than we ever made touchdowns in that first Lewis and Clark game.

"'Thought the air would do you good, so I'm going to take you for a little spin around to see the sights.'

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“‘All right, I said, ‘but if this old machine goes wrong, head it straight up and I’ll jump.’

“‘Oh, nothing ever breaks with her. It’s my own patent and built especially to use the waste gases from the old North Central chemistry lab.’

“Thus my fears were completely allayed, for I remembered the power of these to make people go up in the air. We sailed along for a few miles, when my eye caught sight of a large crowd below, which proved to be a suffragette meeting being led midst cries of ‘Women must rule!’ by no less a person than Berta Hindley. But my attention was called from her to two men who were industriously gleaning a living from the purses of the pretty nurse maids. These familiar faces proved to be the property of two of our popular classmates, Otto Warn and Don Neely. I certainly was surprised to discover them there but not more so than when I saw Susanna Smith walking sedately toward them in a man’s garb; not even a smile broke through her former jolly countenance. I could scarcely withhold the gasps which escaped me.

“‘Take me away at once, I have had enough. What has our noble class come to?’

“‘Oh,’ my guide answered me, ‘this is but a taste. You shall see the rest; they are not so bad.’

“With that he whiffed me in a trance to a towering city and tying his aeroplane to one corner of a thirty-story building, leaving his engine running so that the machine remained poised there like a humming bird on the wing. We went below and elbowed our way through the mob. I wondered where the mob was headed for, so I turned and went with it. I found its destination was the Veribest Theater and that Ferris Gehrke was starring there as the prima donna in ‘The Seven Singing Birds from Sunny Old Spokane.’ I tackled the right guard and couldn’t get through, so made another dive at the line. He must have dodged, for the next thing that I remember was rubbing a sore shoulder, but the smell of liniment caused me to open my eyes and look around. There by the side of my bed stood Elizabeth Farquhar in a Red Cross nurse’s costume with her thermometer dangling from one wrist and a bottle of dope in the other.

“‘Good-night,’ I said to myself, ‘I wonder what’s the matter?’

“The steady tramp of feet sounded in the corridor and Maurice Bristol, bedecked with blue coat and brass buttons, appeared on the scene. With great apology he told me that the hospital had been full when I arrived and, therefore, I had been

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temporarily placed under his charge. Upon asking what he was in charge of, he haughtily answered, 'The largest insane asylum in New York.'

" 'Call my guide,' I said, 'and I will escape from your prison the quickest way possible.'

"He took me at my word and led me toward the subway. While going through the basement I noticed on a door-plate, 'Lester Wood. At Home From 5 A. M.'

" 'Can that be our old Lester Wood?' I asked Warden Bristol abruptly.

" 'The same he replied, 'and we were fortunate to obtain his services. He is said to be one of the best janitors in these parts.'

"My guide suggested we have lunch, so we proceeded to the best hotel in the city. Upon entering the dining-room, my glance rested upon a familiar face in one corner. It proved to be no other than Clarence Sampson, spleen expert from Chicago.

"We were interrupted by the waitress with my order, who quite startled me with,

" 'Art Jones and George Stevens? When did you get in?'

"Turning a little I met the smile of Claudia Lawrence almost submerged behind a pile of dishes. 'Isn't this jolly?' she cried. 'we'll have a regular North Central reunion. Wait ten minutes till I tell Ralph and Bill who's here and, believe me, we'll have some feed.'

" 'All right,' I said, 'but who's this Ralph and Bill?'

" 'Oh, didn't you know? Why, Ralph Knudson is the big chef here and William Eddy is the head butcher.'

"I certainly wanted to stay, but the next thing I knew I was cutting through space in that infernal flying machine again. George now informed me that we would take in a football game.

"On passing a house on the way to the grounds, I saw Leona Pierson, armed with a rolling pin, waiting for James Wiedeman, who was five minutes late for dinner. As we arrived at the grounds, George tied that miserable machine of his to the flag-staff and sliding down the pole, we landed on top of the grandstand, from which I saw numerous motorcycles. At that moment Christine Cremens arrived on one. We hurried toward the grandstand, where the girls were doing the yelling under the direction of Lutie Hicks. Jessie Brewer, a gym instructor, was refereeing the game and I was not surprised to see a lot of cabbages and turnips aimed at her.



"The game was so miserable we left before the first half was over. Again we started out and this time 'anchored' on the top of a large building. While descending we passed a door marked, 'Lois Darr, Dressmaker,' and a studio where I saw Gladys Bailey clothed in a Greek costume posing for the world-famed artist, Hazel Britton. After leaving the building, we strolled past a school where all the children were studying Chinese fashions. The teacher came forward to greet us and to offer a bottomless chair. I almost fell through the chair when I saw it was Walter Johnson with a hickory rod in his hand.

" 'Won't Ed be glad to see you?'

" 'Ed?' And my troubled brain tried in vain to find an Ed in Jan. '14 Class.

" 'Yes, Edward Shears. He is editor of the Sleepy Hollow Gazette. Here is a copy of yesterday's paper. Notice the head lines—

GREAT EVENT IN SCIENCE.

Mrs. Hardscrabble's Hen Laid a Double Yolked Egg.'

"There was a circus in town and we decided to visit it. A big crowd was going into one of the side shows, where a man was announcing through his megaphone, 'Fay Hiser, fattest woman in the world, only ten cents.' At the next tent a clown was making the children clap their chubby hands in glee. Under the powder and paint, I could easily see that it was Frank Thunberg.

"After these astonishing revelations we returned to New York in order to attend the theater in the evening. Realizing a haircut might improve my personal appearance somewhat I went into the barber-shop before going to dinner. I soon realized I was to be shaved by a lady barber. Upon glancing around I saw a placard in the window, 'Georgie Eininger, Manicurist.' After a cry of surprise, I stared at the lady seated at a small table in one corner until somebody suddenly touched my arm, turning, I saw the barber, Larvern Borell, looking at me questioningly.

"I sank back into a chair, Georgia a manicurist, and Larvern a barber—I wondered what would come next. I had not long to wait before Melvin Pugh entered wearing a shaggy beard, overalls, and high boots. A farmer would certainly have been my last guess for his future occupation.

" 'Who is that man working on that lady's foot?' I asked the barber.

" 'Why, didn't you know,' Larvern replied, 'that's Verne Palmer, the famous chiropodist. You want to go in and see them

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when I get through with you, for that is Helen Barline in the chair.'

"Just then a woman with disheveled hair, shabby dress and carrying an apparently ordinary broom entered the shop and announced that she was demonstrating the wireless vacuum cleaner. Who do you think it was, Mr. Sawtelle?—that modest, retiring little girl, Florence Allen.

"Well, when I got out of that chair, I certainly looked a fright and I tell you it didn't take long to dive around the corner to a first-class shop and get fixed up.

"I met George at the theater and we were ushered down the aisle to a box. Whom do you suppose I saw sitting opposite us? Thelma Sherer, of all girls, with hands sedately folded, hair thrust back in a stiff, unbecoming knot, and a dress that couldn't have been plainer. Why she looked like a typical old maid. Beside her, as of old, sat Ernestine McDonald. She, too, was piously dressed and to my inquiry George answered, with that roguish smile of his, 'She is changed some these years. She is a missionary to China now!'

"Though his reply surprised me I was again searching the house for other familiar faces. Whom do you think I spied next? With the aid of my opera glasses I was scanning the gallery, when, right in the front row I recognized Hugh McElroy, gazing contentedly over the railing. Noting my ill-concealed mirth, George remarked that he was a trapper up North, but had come down to New York for a few days to blow in what he had made.

"Here the curtain went up and I turned my attention to the stage. Well, I could hardly believe my eye, for out tripped Edna Herrington and Alvin House, who looked just as they did in our Senior B Play when they sang about the kitten. You remember?"

"Yes, yes," prompted Mr. Sawtelle, "but go on! This is becoming very interesting, I am anxious to hear about the rest of them."

"Well such a performance Edna and Alvin finished the next on the program was a skit with Ella Miller as leading lady. I couldn't help realizing that she was the only one in the class—that I had seen—who had accomplished her heart's desire. The next number was posted as, 'The Savior of His Country.' Imagine my surprise when Harold Hamilton came prancing out on the stage with a pair of boxing gloves, mind you, boxing gloves! You could have knocked me over with a feather. I had seen

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enough for one night so I nudged George and we returned to our hotel.

"The next morning I was awakened by the ringing of bells. I at last realized it was Sunday. So having heard that Murrel Davies was preaching at the Methodist Church, I finally persuaded George to accompany me. There was no one in the main auditorium—when we entered—so went about investigating. We heard voices in an adjoining room and, upon advancing to the door, I was startled to hear some one saying, 'Do you take this woman as your lawful wife?' and then the answer, 'I do.' Disregarding the solemnity of the occasion I poked my head into the room. I was thankful that Murrel pronounced the ceremony complete just then or I am sure I would have laughed. As it was, I rushed in and catching the bride, Edith Sprague, in my arms I kissed her square on the lips while poor Arthur Daveny stood tugging at my coat-tail and wailing, 'Here, she is my wife, you absolutely have no right to kiss her!'

"I wanted to remain for the sermon, but George would have none of it, so we went out to Central Park. It was a beautiful morning and there were many nurse maids loitering about with their charges. Suddenly we came in sight of a bench occupied by a policeman and a pretty nurse maid, while nearby, kicking and yelling at the top of its voice, was the sadly neglected charge. George recognized him and rushed up and congratulated my old friend, Eugene Tollefson, for having picked out a girl in our class. Glenna Henyon, who now came running over to us, leaving the poor youngster yelling harder than ever.

"'Oh!' sighed Glenna, 'I wish to goodness Truma Thomas would give me a decent lot of children to take care of.'

"'Truma Thomas!' I gasped.

"'Why, yes,' she answered, 'Truma is the matron of the Children's Home, a regular concert hall of squalling babies.'

"After we had left, George said, 'I'm tired of New York, let's go down to Washington and see the President.'

"'President,' I muttered, 'what are you talking about?'

"'Why. Alfreda Charles, of course, she is the first suffragette of the U. S.' I was so astonished that I was unable to speak, and before I could fully collect my wits we were whizzing through the air.

"'Oh, say,' I yelled after a time, 'don't go so fast. See that man down there cleaning a chimney?' We stopped on the roof and watched for a while, and you can imagine my surprise when I discovered it was our old-time leader, Dick Maurer. I wanted



to talk to him but had no chance, for George had started for his machine and we were again racing on to Washington.

“‘Here we are,’ cried George as he tied his machine to the dome of the capitol. Let’s go down and see if the House of Representatives is in session.’ We slid down the pillars and entered the hall. As luck would have it the representative room was apparently empty but we heard voices, so walked in. In a dark corner stood two figures so busily engaged in conversation that they were unaware of our approach. I thought I recognized the voice of Howard Potter, and now I was sure, so hurried forward to speak to him. The woman that he had been talking with turned on me frowningly, and then burst out laughing,

“‘Oh, it’s you, is it? I thought it was another reporter trying to get in on the piece of news that Speaker Potter was giving me.’

“Well, I tell you I was surprised to find Howard Potter, Speaker of the House. I never had thought of such a thing. But I deemed it a natural turn of events for Frankie Dinsmore to be a reporter.”

“Yes, yes,” interposed Mr. Sawtelle, “she has certainly made a success of it, too. But go on, let’s hear about the rest of them.”

“Well, there are only two left. When we were saying good-bye to Howard and Frankie, they suggested that we visit the divorce court. so there we went. As we entered the door the Judge rose and read,

“‘Mrs. Jacob Ashelbean is granted a divorce from her husband, Jacob Ashelbean, on the grounds of desertion, and has the permission of the court to resume her maiden name, Ada Charles.’ When that name was spoken I immediately connected it with that once bright face, now care-worn and haggard. Then I looked at the Judge, for it was certainly a woman. You surely can never guess who it was. Just think of Reba Clark, always so jolly and mischievous, holding just a dignified position as that!

“I guess the shock of seeing Reba doing that must have aroused me, for I suddenly realized that my feet were terribly hot, and upon rubbing my eyes and looking down, I discovered that I had been sitting with them in the fireplace.”

“Well, well,” laughed Mr. Sawtelle, “you certainly must have been interested in that dream to sit there and roast your feet. I don’t know what to think of you. Arthur, that dream is every bit true; that is, of all those whom I have met during these



last five years, and I have seen a good many, too. But say, what has become of Irene Sirginson, you didn't mention her, did you?"

"No," muttered Arthur, in confusion, "but I tell you, come over to the little church around the corner with me tomorrow noon and you'll find out."

LUTIE HICKS,
LARVERN BORELL,
WILLIAM EDDY.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF JANUARY '14

Old North Side High, thou knowest best
On history's page our place,
For the honors of an honored class
Dim Age cannot efface.
The trying hour is near at hand
When we depart from thee,
But the happy days that here we've spent
Can ne'er forgotten be.
'Twas on a clear and frosty morn
That we as Freshies came,
And swift we thought before our eyes
Uprose immortal Fame.
We walked with her the corridors
In all our pomp and pride;
We thought that all should reverence
Our knowledge vast and wide.

A class we soon had organized
Of a hundred eighty-three—
Oh, a gallant class of boosters
Was that brilliant Freshman B!
But returning in the autumn,
With countenance forlorn,
We found our place pre-empted
Till one glorious April morn
Our visitors departed,
For their stay was at an end
Beneath the shelter of these walls,
That had been to them a friend.

TAMARACK.

With ardent hope we organized,
And started life anew,
Armed with pens and battered books,
To conquer and subdue
Each gruesome task that loomed before
Our vision searching eye,
'Twas the great desire for knowledge,
That raised our efforts high.
In June the clever hand of time
Drew back the dark moreen,
And showed upon our spacious stage,
A pleasing picnic scene.
Days sped, vacation once more came,
Tired students hied away.
Brought back were we in Autumn's arms,
The Class of Junior A.
Thanksgiving Day was drawing near,
So preparing for the fray,
Contending classes with efforts strong,
Sold tickets night and day.
The reward in view was a loving cup,
The rest need not be told,
For the class that held it captive,
Flaunted the purple and gold.
On December twentieth, in the eve,
Time saw us kids again,
Romping about the gymnasium floor,
Oh! we were merry then.
Whilst Mr. Moyer, our football coach,
Played Santa to our joy,
Seated about the Christmas tree,
We received each trifling toy.
The prosperous year drew to a close,
The new year brought good will,
For we had come in our due time,
The Seniors' place to fill.
In early Spring was our cause espoused
By men on field and track,
Who won for our school the honors,
Supporting the "Red and Black."
And we'd leaped the heights of eloquence,
A stepping stone to fame,
When dramatic skill in "Tit For Tat,"

TAMARACK.

Had won for us a name.
Oh, few there are, who do so oft
The wine of Fortune sup,
Subscriptions to the Tamarack,
Won our second trophy cup.
To Liberty Lake a trip we took,
On a day of days serene,
And there we honored, on June the sixth,
The Class of June '13.
Vacation came and went again,
As all vacations do,
And we returned with joy, to greet,
The year we'll never rue.
Then Mr. Sawtelle, the cheerful one,
Our worthy pilot to be,
Called a rousing meeting of our class,
Which led to a Freshman Tea.
With Pen and Book we set to work,
To complete our four years' course,
In ardor ever Duty's will
And to knowledge the recourse.
We chose our motto tried and true,
To inspire our every hour, for
Duty's small sweet voice had whispered,
"In knowledge there is Power."
We've had our share in Clubs and Masque,
And Debating Society, too,
And heroes bold on the victor's side,
In many a Waterloo.
But penned with care and standing lone,
On History's last short page,
The Senior Play, far more renowned
Than wonders of the Mage,
Stands forth a gem in mem'ry's mind,
A star for those elate,
For all who saw, who heard, who thought,
Could naught but venerate
Our dexterous class, so widely known,
Whose presence speaks renown,
And upon whose head Commencement night
Was bestowed the victor's crown.

TAMARACK.

Farewell, oh, cherished teachers,
Thanks to your kindness, All,
Which aided, cheered, and strengthened us,
Responding to every call.
Farewell, oh, long loved High School Days,
We bid farewell to thee,
For January '14, Class of Fame,
Will henceforth scattered be.
Farewell, dear Alma Mater,
In Life's perplexing hour,
Mem'ries of thee, North Central,
Will be our strength and power.

ADA CHARLES,
ELLA MILLER,
LOIS DARR,
EUGENE TOLLEFSON,
MELVIN PUGH.





HOROSCOPE

JACK ABRAMS

App.—Lengthy.
Occ.—Fussing.
F. Ex.—“Oh, Gladys!”
Amb.—Ask Gladys.
N. N.—Jack.

FLORENCE ALLEN

App.—All alone.
Occ.—Being Good.
F. Ex.—“Oh, my!”
Amb.—It's gone.
N. N.—Flo.

GLADYS BAILEY

App.—Rosy.
Occ.—Jack knows.
F. Ex.—“You don't say.”
Amb.—To make a good wife.
N. N.—Slim (?)

HELEN BARLINE

App.—All-right.
Occ.—Trying to pass.
F. Ex.—“Why!”
Amb.—Lacking.
N. N.—Bar.

LARVERNE BORELL

App.—Passable.
Occ.—Getting stories.
F. Ex.—“Say, girlie.”
Amb.—To get extra credits.
N. N.—Verne.

JESSIE BREWER

App.—Boyish.
Occ.—Getting acquainted.
F. Ex.—“Oh! go on.”
Amb.—To torture some one.
N. N.—Jesse.

MAURICE BRISTOL

App.—Dignified (to himself).
Occ.—Creating a scene.
F. Ex.—“Oh! say kid.”
Amb.—To work up a case.
N. N.—Bristie.

HAZEL BRITTON

App.—Leading lady.
Occ.—Dolling up for Roy.
F. Ex.—“Ich Kaa Bibble.”
Amb.—To keep Roy.
N. N.—Georginana.

ADA CHARLES

App.—Babyish.
Occ.—Cramming.
F. Ex.—“Oh, you!”
Amb.—To beat her sister.
N. N.—Ade.

ALFRED A CHARLES

App.—Studious.
Occ.—Studying.
F. Ex.—“Oh!——”
Amb.—To get in good.
N. N.—Fred.

REBA CLARK

App.—Nice.
Occ.—Getting a drop curtain.
F. Ex.—“Do you just know I'm mad?”
Amb.—To be Mr. Hargreave's stenographer.
N. N.—Beebe.

CHRISTINE CREMANS

App.—143 pounds.
Occ.—Ragging.
F. Ex.—“Smatter, keed.”
Amb.—To get out school nights.
N. N.—Cristie.

LOIS DARR

App.—Saintly.
Occ.—Dreaming.
F. Ex.—“I don't know.”
Amb.—To get through.
N. N.—Lo.

ARTHUR DAVENNY

App.—Little.
Occ.—Fussing the girls.
F. Ex.—“Listen!”
Amb.—To grow up.
N. N.—Toots.

MURREL DAVIES

App.—Hammered down.
Occ.—Speeding.
F. Ex.—“Well!”
Amb.—To be stage manager.
N. N.—Spud.

FRANKIE DINSMORE

App.—Let it go.
Occ.—Working for the Chronicle.
F. Ex.—“Well, now you know it.”
Amb.—To be a teacher.
N. N.—Frank.

WILLIAM EDDY

App.—Left out.
Occ.—Learning his oration.
F. Ex.—“Well, lookut here, now.”
Amb.—How do we know?
N. N.—Bill.

GEORGIA EINNEGER

App.—Raggy.
Occ.—Going to dances.
F. Ex.—“Oh!! Baby!!!”
Amb.—To run a dance hall.
N. N.—Chubbie.

TAMARACK.

ELIZABETH FARQUHAR

App.—See her picture.
Occ.—Running the Masque.
F. Ex.—“Oh, fudge!”
Amb.—To be a Chem. shark.
N. N.—Lizzie.

FERRIS GEHRKE

App.—Theatrical.
Occ.—Telling bum jokes.
F. Ex.—“Nicks, kefeddle.”
Amb.—To be in another play.
N. N.—Ferry.

EDNA HERRINGTON

App.—Very neat.
Occ.—Speaking.
F. Ex.—“I hope I do it well.”
Amb.—To be an actress.
N. N.—Ed.

LUTIE HICKS

App.—Goodie goodie.
Occ.—Talking in the library.
F. Ex.—“Ruled out.”
Amb.—To come to the front.
N. N.—Hickey.

BERTA HINDLEY

App.—Gilt top.
Occ.—Meeting Hob.
F. Ex.—“Oh, you crumb!”
Amb.—To go to church with Hob.
N. N.—Bert.

FAY HISER

App.—Abbreviated.
Occ.—Private secretary.
F. Ex.—“Well, I should say so.”
Amb.—To grow.
N. N.—Shortie.

ALVIN HOUSE

App.—Reserved.
Occ.—Running the Tamarack.
F. Ex.—“Say, girl!”
Amb.—To edit the Bingville Bugle.
N. N.—Al.

WALTER JOHNSON

App.—Faded.
Occ.—Doing Math.
F. Ex.—Silence.
Amb.—To get in early.
N. N.—Walt.

ARTHUR JONES

App.—Roughneck.
Occ.—Hunting a girl.
F. Ex.—“Honk! Honk!”
Amb.—To find an affinity.
N. N.—Chicken Jones.

GLENNA KENYON

App.—Meek.
Occ.—Combing her hair the same way.
F. Ex.—“I’ll tell you something.”
Amb.—To adopt another infant.
N. N.—Glen.

RALPH KNUDSON

App.—Moderate.
Occ.—Taking care of Grace.
F. Ex.—“Oh, jimminy!”
Amb.—To win.
N. N.—Knute.

CLAUDIA LAWRENCE

App.—Overdone.
Occ.—Giving dances.
F. Ex.—“Oh, gee!”
Amb.—To give another dance.
N. N.—Claude.

LOUIS LEVIN

App.—Precise.
Occ.—Singing.
F. Ex.—“Awake! Awake!”
Amb.—To be a Caruso.
N. N.—Louie.

ERNESTINE MACDONALD

App.—Happy.
F. Ex.—“That’s my idea of a good time.”
Amb.—To stand in with Lineau.
N. N.—Ernie.

HUGH MACELROY

App.—Curly.
Occ.—Taking Emma to classes.
F. Ex.—“Gee, she’s a peach!”
Amb.—To be a grafter.
N. N.—Mac.

RICHARD MAURER

App.—Husky.
Occ.—Collecting class dues.
F. Ex.—“I got two-bits today.”
Amb.—To make good.
N. N.—Dick.

ELLA MILLER

App.—Sleepy.
Occ.—Making a “crowd.”
F. Ex.—“What are you talking about?”
N. N.—Ask her.

DONALD NEELY

App.—’Nough said.
Occ.—Bluffing.
F. Ex.—“Say, Doll!”
Amb.—To wear a dress suit.
N. N.—Don.

LEONA PIERSON

App.—Frightened to death.
Occ.—Looking wise.
F. Ex.—“Don’t you think that—”
Amb.—To star in a musical comedy.
N. N.—Lee.

HOWARD POTTER

App.—Elongated.
Occ.—Getting frustrated.
F. Ex.—Hasn’t any.”
Amb.—To make a good butcher.
N. N.—Mose.

TAMARACK.

MELVIN PUGH

App.—Childish.
Occ.—Acting.
F. Ex.—“Oh, golly!”
Amb.—To have his arms unbandaged.
N. N.—Viney.

FRED ROHWER

App.—Moderate.
Occ.—Chewing gum.
F. Ex.—“My goodness!”
Amb.—To cultivate a laugh.
N. N.—Fritz.

CLARENCE SAMPSON

App.—Just like dad.
Occ.—Taking “her” home.
F. Ex.—“Come again.”
Amb.—To keep “her.”
N. N.—Samp.

EDWARD SHEARS

App.—Sagacious.
Occ.—Wrangling.
F. Ex.—“My honorable opponent may say——”
Amb.—To be Supreme Judge.
N. N.—Ed.

THELMA SHERER

App.—Giggling.
Occ.—Talking.
F. Ex.—“Well, take it from me!”
Amb.—To get acquainted with——
N. N.—Ta.

IRENE SIRGINSON

App.—Demure.
Occ.—Promoting silence.
F. Ex.—“Do you think so?”
Amb.—To live as easy as possible.
N. N.—Rene.

SUSANNA SMITH

App.—Old maid.
Occ.—Getting shocked.
F. Ex.—“Girls, I——”
Amb.—To partake of matrimony.
N. N.—Sue.

EDITH SPRAGUE

App.—Drink of water.
Occ.—Making five credits.
F. Ex.—“Well, darn it!”
Amb.—To gain (pounds).
N. N.—Eddie.

GEORGE STEVENS

App.—Devilish.
Occ.—Playing basket-ball.
F. Ex.—!! ? * ——
Amb.—To love forever.
N. N.—Stevie.

TRUMA THOMAS

App.—Some doll.
Occ.—Contradicting other opinions.
F. Ex.—“Al, don’t hunt in the woods.”
Amb.—To learn the latest dance.
N. N.—Trumer.

FRANK THUNBERG

App.—Stubby.
Occ.—Wearing a wise look.
F. Ex.—“Oh, butterscotch!”
Amb.—To settle down.
N. N.———

EUGENE TOLLEFSON

App.—Passing.
Occ.—Minding his own business.
F. Ex.—“Ah, gowan!”
Amb.—To have a good name.
N. N.—Gene.

OTTO WARN

App.—Weary.
Occ.—Joy riding.
F. Ex.—“Say, Hob, you drive awhile.”
Amb.—To become a real business man.
N. N.—Ott.

JAMES WIEDEMAN

App.—Confidential.
Occ.—Kidding someone.
Amb.—To rest.
F. Ex.—“My cow!”
N. N.—Jim.

LESTER WOOD

App.—Neglected.
Occ.—Running things.
F. Ex.—“They’ve got to.”
Amb.—To keep running things.
N. N.—Les.

LAVERNE PALMER

App.—Minus.
Occ.—Fussing Fay.
F. Ex.—“Impossible!”
Amb.—To be an orator.
N. N.—Verne.



Editorials

On the night of January twenty-ninth, the present Senior A Class, upon receiving their diplomas, will graduate to the class of what is commonly termed "Alumni." The records of their honors and achievements will have become history. Their familiar faces, their places being taken by the incoming mid-winter class, will be seen no more and will soon be forgotten by us. Although they will leave foot-prints in the sands of time, these, too, will slowly fade and wash away. At this instant they will forever sever their educational connections with us and the North Central High School.

GO YOU SENIORS

It is safe to say every member is eagerly waiting with great expectations, this eventful night. Their expectations will ultimately center in either of two alternatives. They have a choice of entering an advanced institution or, if this is impossible, they will, in all probability, enter that large army endeavoring to battle against the problem of earning a livelihood. In either case the object to be attained foretells a hard fight, full of sacrifices, disappointments and defeats. Perhaps to most all of them, life so far has been full of splendors and victories, but they will soon be battling against a stronger tide in an opposite direction, a mighty tide, a tide made up of the hundreds who are struggling in precisely the same position. But remember this in whatsoever you attempt, "Stay with it." Stick-to-it-ive-ness wins, whether fighting with brawn or brains. Another good quality, a very desirable one, too, is optimism. Try to look ahead. Seek the light, look for the best and never say "Can't." He who meets the world with a sneer, who never lifts up his head and recognizes an opportunity, who carries the world upon his own shoulders and puts a wet blanket on encouragement, is a pessimist, rightly termed a pest. Above all avoid this. The fellow who has the maximum of education, who has a purpose in view, who has a large amount of integrity, who takes hard knocks with a stiff upper lip, and who makes each experience a lesson well learned, is the fellow who will come out successful in the end.

All the students who leave the high school of today are full of courage and determination. They are fired with ambition. Here, they are given that knowledge, which, with respectable effort should and will produce successful results. If they are educated properly they will have pride and ambition, they will



endeavor to do a little better than their competitors. Patience combined with effort ultimately brings a just reward. If this high school training has meant anything worth while to them, if they have learned, not their lessons, but the purpose of their lessons, if they have made from this four years' course a reference library or a reserve bank, from which they may profit by reference, under natural and normal conditions they should be prepared to go forth and make good. But if, on the other hand, they have graduated through indifference, and succeeded by bluff, their places are not to be envied.

An education alone cannot result in success. It is often the means to failure. Education prepares an outline, builds a foundation and this combined with SELF-EDUCATION, energy, and ambition makes the completed work. Education merely shows the way, but to reach the goal, he who goes must travel over rough and hard roads, and must travel **alone**. You can't depend upon your teachers tomorrow, you must grope for yourself, you must be your own guide to Wealth, Power, and Knowledge. If you take the world as it comes, be indolent, listless, and worthless, be thrust back, be the foundation for the better fellow, cling to the lower rung of the ladder; you are going to be to blame. Once take the first step, the others will follow easily. Distinguish yourself from the rabble and then with earnest effort become influential, powerful, and wealthy. To achieve victory by self-education is a long battle, a result of perseverance, concentration and application. But a victory is the making of a genius and such a victory requires an educated mind, character, and will.

Lucky is the boy or girl who soon finds that knowledge is but a small part of education. It takes more than crude pieces of iron to make an efficient steam engine. It requires skill to put the pieces together. It takes quantities of oil to run it smoothly and without friction. The old method of education was to store the mind with facts, or supposed facts, and to give a certain polish to the personality. The theory was that a man was born a completed human being and all that was necessary was to load him up with information, which would be used with more or less skill, according to his native ability.

But now, self-education and self-development has taken its place. Your education should enable you to become conscious of how ignorant you are, and then the knowledge of your ignorance will impel you to seek higher, further, and more education. The purpose of this high school course is not so much to teach you knowledge, but to teach you how to obtain it in the easiest, quickest, and most beneficial manner. It endeavors to train the mind for flexibility, keenness of perception, soundness of judg-



ment, clearness of view, analysis, and discrimination. Our brains are nothing more than the equipment with which we train our mind, that vast gymnasium of intelligence. We become clever by playing the game of life. We match our courage against its adversities and gain fearlessness. We try our optimism against its disappointments and learn cheerfulness. We pit our patience against its failures and gain persistence. We are torn from the heights of ambition by opponents and learn toleration for others. We fall from the peaks of vanity and pride and learn to be modest and humble. It is a great game, and only these experiences which we get give us the real education and develop us.

And so, Go You, Seniors, into the turbulent throng of the world. Go with a firm tread. "Conquer and Attain!"

* * * *

The first Open House exhibition ever held at the school, on November twenty-ninth, was a huge success. Much credit is due to the teachers and principal, who managed and arranged the affair, and especially should mention be given to

OPEN HOUSE

the students who made the exhibition possible. The high school, as the title suggests, was literally thrown open to the public for inspection.

From cellar to garret the rooms were examined by hundreds of interested people. As far as known, nothing was left unexplained or unexamined. It is the first time such a complete demonstration of the high school's equipment, and work turned out by its students, has been presented to the public formally. It is needless to say, that the object sought, was obtained. It might be well to state the object here that a clear, definite conception of the movement may be gotten. From the beginning of public school service, there has been a continual demand on the part of the instructors, which is required from every student. Whether this has been discipline or results from application to their studies is immaterial, but let be suffice to say there was a demand from the instructors. In nearly every instance these demands are misunderstood by the pupil and he in turn misinforms his parents. The result is apparent and common. There arises at once, ill-feeling between the home and the school, and under such conditions is rarely possible that a student can accomplish good work, because invariably the parents protect their children and give no sympathy whatsoever to the school. When difficulties come to this point, something happens, or should happen. The parent goes to the school, looks over matters, has talks with the teachers and ultimately comes to a common agreement. If there is a mistake, it is righted. The error is corrected, the parents co-oper-



ate with the school, and better results are the consequence. The three principals or factions are united into one for the best possible gain. To gain this end, the Open House was instituted in North Central. It brings the factions together in a friendly and not a disagreeable attitude, and kills the germ of disagreement before it starts to grow. It gives the parents a keener knowledge and insight into the daily routine of the school work. It gives the teacher a chance to take the cases up individually with the parents. It gives the pupil satisfaction in knowing his parents take an interest in his case and are trying to push, rather than to retard him. It places his education on a beneficial and systematic basis.

On this evening the Manual Training rooms were in operation. The Domestic Science classes were at work. In the Commercial Department, the most complete in the Northwest, exhibitions of various kinds were given. The Chemistry and Physics laboratories were open and experiments were being conducted. In the big gymnasium, fine exhibitions by girls and boys in all branches of selected gymnastics were presented. Our Orchestra and Musical Department gave programs. In short, the entire school curriculum was being presented to the public. The parents were thoroughly introduced to our school and we feel confident that they appreciated the effort made by the committees to bring the homes and the school into closer harmony. We hope North Centray may repeat it successfully again next year.

* * * *

In past ages the physically strong man dominated his fellows. Today the pendulum is at the other end of the arc and the man of brains is the leader; but, nevertheless, in this time of complex social life and education we should not forget the aid that a body in perfect condition can give us. Good health is an essential to success in any work we may undertake. The person whose brain is not supported by a vigorous body in the race of life will be handicapped and eventually fall behind, for no employer tolerates long the employee who exercises himself periodically because of illness. Good health gives a feeling of confidence and power and is a controlling factor in the development of our personality. Who is there who does not admire the vigor, the erect carriage, the sparkling eye, and the perfect complexion of the healthy individual. Furthermore, our physical condition, besides being a duty to society in general, will, in a large measure, determine our outlook on the world. The pessimist probably has a case of dyspepsia which causes his cynical

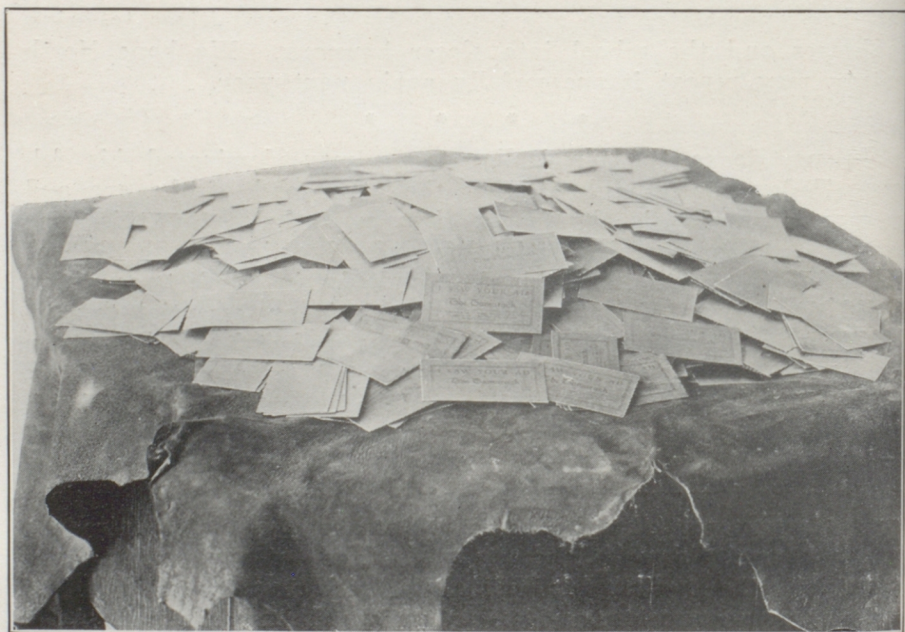
TAMARACK.

view, while the optimist is imbued with the joy of living because of physical vigor.

Youth is the time for the laying of the foundations of our future mental and physical life. Habits which we form now will remain with us through life. In other words, we are in that stage of development called the formative period and the physical habits which we form now will determine our future life to the same or even greater degree than those formed mentally. Health is easily obtained and maintained by the observance of the simple rules of hygiene and the result is worth many times the effort.

This issue is the last number to be edited by the present staff. We have enjoyed the work and received benefit from it. To the next staff we leave our best wishes for success and feel sure that they will profit by the mistakes that we have **FAREWELL** made, and that in the course of time the successive staffs to come will always strive toward that goal of perfection of making the Tamarack a paper worthy of North Central.

* * * *



A few of the Tamarack cards collected during the big contest



Tom Allen, Asst. Editor

Chas. Kaempff, Photographer

Berta Hindley, Literary

Stuart Lower, Current Events

Jack Abrams, Athletics

Alvin K. House, Editor-in-Chief

Elizabeth Farquhar, Alumni

Virginia Riblet, Jokes



Merritt Penrose, Advertising

Richard Maurer, Asst. Bus. Mgr.

LeRoy Hunter, Advertising Mgr.

Julia Corner, Exchanges

Helen Hare, Societies

Otto Warn, Business Mgr.

Donald Stewart, Artist

Jules Gindraux, Art Editor

Literary

HGS

THE MEASURE OF A FRIENDSHIP

By Ernestine C. Macdonald, Jan. '14

It is like taking the sun out of the world to bereave human life of friendship than which the immortal gods have given man nothing better, nothing more gladdening.—Cicero.

As I look back over a period of sixty years the picture which presents itself most clearly to my memory is that of a slip of a girl,—a girl with a sweetly sensitive mouth, soft dark eyes, a wealth of dusky hair; a girl whom I remember as that priceless treasure, a true friend. Her name was Edith.

When we were little girls in school Death visited her family and robbed Edith of a mother. Poor little girl, she missed that mother terribly and she turned to me in her grief, her passionate little nature craving something or some one to fill the void. We grew up as sisters, each day making stronger the binding tie.

Mine was a peculiar nature. I offer as an excuse that I was pampered, being an only child. I was selfish, even unscrupulous and devoid of any sign of a conscience. I accepted Edith's devotion as my just due and regarded her sacrifices to my selfishness and vanity with never a second thought. Her love meant nothing to me then, though I truly believe I should have missed it had I lost it then.

She had nobleness and depth of character. Friendship meant to her not what was to be derived therefrom, but what could be put into it. Unfailing sympathy, generosity, tender solicitude, kindly thoughtfulness were her contributions—and mine? Mine was a hearty acceptance of all she offered.

Our school lives were a ready example of this. She was an earnest student, I studied occasionally and depended upon her the remaining time. She made friends readily, I did not; but her friends received me for her sake. I sang, and, although Edith had a remarkable voice, she used often to refuse to sing because she played so sympathetic accompaniment that I would have no other. We both attracted men. They flirted with me, they confided in her.

After graduation Edith returned home while I traveled for nearly two years. Upon my return I found her engaged to a prominent young attorney. I shall never forget that she cried

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when she told me how hard it had been to decide to marry and give me up. I laughed at her but deep in my heart I was hatefully jealous of her happiness. In the next few months I had much chance to meet and become acquainted with him and to see how greatly in love they were. The wedding at which I was maid of honor occurred in June. Edith was a beautiful bride and radiantly happy.

The winter following their return was one continuous round of affairs in their honor, and they insisted that I attend all these with them. Edith and I were fully as inseparable as before her marriage. Toward spring ugly little rumors began to circulate,—rumors that amused me and made Edith very indignant but rather annoyed Jack.

One evening I dropped in to have a chat with Edith. It was near the dinner hour but she had not returned from shopping so I went up to Jack's study. His welcome seemed to lack its usual warmth. I presume I was in an irritable mood, otherwise I would have made allowances for the fact that he was very busy. As it was I was piqued and mentally resolved to make him suffer.

My attempt to draw him into conversation proved futile. Each minute increased my aggravation and finally, my temper fully aroused, I burst out in angry reproaches. I did not realize then how those remarks, spoken in a fit of anger, could be construed by a person listening.

And Fate willed that my punishment should be a quick one, for Edith returning and stealing up to surprise Jack at his work was at the door and heard.

The end of ten years found me in New York, just returned from an extended tour of the world. The only satisfaction I could get was in travel, trying vainly to leave behind me memories which relentlessly pursued. Try as I might, there was one memory I could not escape,—the picture of Jack, wild-eyed and with his face drawn and white as he handed me his wife's pitiful little letter written that same night that I had waited for her in his study, ere she went out of his house and out of his life and mine. His cry, "God, what have you done!" rang through my brain every day of the ten years, and every hour of every day. Had I been less the coward I should have sought some news of them both. There is little need in telling of my sufferings, but I at last came to know myself.

One evening, through sheer desperation, I attended a concert at one of the theaters. I knew nothing of the prima donna, except that she was a recent recruit to the field of music. After

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taking my seat near the front, my attention was drawn to the man and woman sitting next me, who were discussing the star. I gleaned from their conversation that she was young, had a remarkable voice, captivating her audiences from the start, that she was working toward Grand Opera and that she had gone on the stage because of some misfortune which had nearly killed her. I listened indifferently, more to get my mind off my own troubles than from interest. Suddenly the woman exclaimed,

"There he is. They say he follows her everywhere." I looked where she pointed and started in surprise, for the man was Jack! I must have stared fixedly for he turned and glanced at me, though he did not recognize me. Then suddenly the thought struck me, "Who is the singer that he follows everywhere? Could it possibly be—, what should I do if it was?" With bated breath I waited for the curtain to rise. Finally it did and when I knew that the star was before me by the clapping I had not the courage to look at her. Breathlessly I awaited the first note.

She sang "The Cry of Rachel" first, her voice more wonderfully sweet than the loveliest dream, making me long to cry out to her never to stop. Still I dared not raise my eyes. Song after song, encore after encore she sang, with the throng always clamoring for more. Something like peace pervaded my soul as I listened to that voice, though never seeing the singer, fearing somehow that I might disturb that magic flow of sound.

The last number on her programme had been rendered and she had responded twice to the storm of applause. I expected nothing more. Then the orchestra struck up an old familiar strain, one which wrenched my heart. It was "Auld Lang Syne," and she sang it very softly and tenderly with exquisite pathos.

Should auld acquaintants be forgot,
And never brought to mind,
Should auld acquaintants be forgot,
And days auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dears,
For auld lang syne,
We'll drink a cup o' kindness yet,
For the days auld lang syne.

I was afraid no longer but gazed long and falteringly at the girl who had been lost to me for ten years. Her white robes



made her look like a wonderful angel. Then tears came, the first I had shed in years, sweeping away the dull ache in my heart.

We twa ha'e run about the braes
And pured the gowens fine,
And we ha'e wandered many a weary foot,
Sin' days auld lang syne, etc.

She sang it to me and to one other in that great audience and at the finish she broke two white rosebuds from her corsage, pressed them to her lips and smilingly held them out, one to Jack and one to me.

The throng, sensing something extraordinary, thundered their applause, but I heard nothing save that song, saw nothing save the white rose extended to me.

NONSENSE

When Christmastide has swept the nation,
And brings us fourteen days' vacation,

To write a verse,
Tho' short and terse,

Is not the work that brings elation.

Two hours I spent with Rythm and Rhyme,
Two hours with Verse is not sublime;

I want no more
Of English four,

Altho' my fame would come in time.

So kindness bids me tender thee
These soothing lines of poetry,

If not inspired,
My soul is fired

With thoughts of my ability.

—Byron Christian, June '14.



A PROFESSIONAL WOMAN

By Ella Miller, Jan.' 14

"She's as sweet a girl as you could find anywhere," Dick Elmore told his father, proudly. He was full of this one subject and could neither think nor speak of anything but his engagement to Jessica McDonald.

"You've heard how skillful Dr. McDonald is, dad, and he says Jessica has done as well as he could in many cases. Why, if she hadn't known what to do the other night, Mayor Norton's little boy might not be alive now. Mrs. Norton called up and said Freddie was awfully sick with convulsions and she wanted Dr. McDonald. But he had just gone out on a case and so Jessica went, herself. She did everything her father could have done and Freddie was asleep in less than an hour."

Dick could think of no higher praise than this, and in his infatuation, he had forgotten that it might not appeal to his father also. He was recalled to that remembrance, when his father spoke. "But, Dick," he remonstrated, "you really can't intend to marry a professional woman, after all I have said on that subject. A woman who leaves her own sphere and tries to do a man's work is not the kind of wife you want. I withhold my consent."

"Why, Dad, Jessica has no intention of doing a man's work. It is certainly womanly to help anyone who is sick."

"Don't interrupt, Dick. As I say, I refuse to acknowledge an engagement and I wish to hear nothing further concerning it. Of all women, a medical doctor is——"

"But, Dad," Dick broke in again, "Jessica is not——"

"Dick, don't say another word," commanded Mr. Elmore. "It will do no good and may do harm, for excitement is injurious to my health."

Dick knew this to be true from past experience and that argument was worse than useless, for it never accomplished its end and frequently did injure Mr. Elmore's health. So he wisely dropped the subject till some unforeseen happening should make the explanation possible.

No fitting opportunity occurred and so the subject was not renewed, though Dick did all in his power to gain his father's sanction, without which Jessica refused to consider the engagement settled, and so he made no headway in any direction.

Such was the state of affairs when, a month later, Mr. Elmore became ill. He, however, refused to admit that he was sick



or to call a physician, although he did complain of weariness and headaches.

Dick noticed also that he started nervously at any sudden or unexpected sound and, finally, he concluded to take the matter into his own hands. He told Dr. McDonald that he feared his father was really very sick and asked him for advice, "I'd ask you to go and see him but he insists that he is all right and refuses to have a doctor," he finished.

"If I could only see him in an unprofessional way, I could ascertain if anything serious were the matter," the doctor replied. "But, I can't see how that can be done," he added. "We are not well enough acquainted to occasion a friendly call and I don't see what business affairs we have in common, that would warrant such a visit."

He sat thinking for some time and then exclaimed, "Now, I have it. I have been thinking of investing in his lead mines, for some time, and I'll make that my pretext for calling."

The following evening he made the proposed call. With a few well-worded questions, in the course of the conversation, he came to the correct understanding of the case. He saw that Mr. Elmore was on the verge of a nervous breakdown and persuaded him of the necessity of leaving all his business cares and taking a much needed rest.

"If you know of any place where you can get away from the city for a time you'll be all right in a short time," he said. But I wouldn't want to be responsible for the results, if you go on as you are."

Dick gave his decided approval, "I know how to run things here, so you'd better go at once and leave all worrying behind," he said, and Mr. Elmore consented to go.

At first Dick thought that this would cause another delay in gaining his father's approval. If he stayed he might have met Jessica and been conquered. But no, he could not have met her for she also was going away. In about a month she would be at a small mountain rest with her uncle's family. And—

But at this point the great idea entered his head. He would get his father to meet her at this resort, and she would not know who she was, either.

Dick planned well. So well, indeed, that Mr. Elmore decided on that place, and thought his choice his own.

But the rest of his plans met with more opposition. Jessica would have nothing to do with his plan. "No, Dick," she said, "I can't stoop to anything deceitful, not even to gain his



approval." Dick tried to say that the end justified the means, but she would not listen. Finally, he said, "But, dear, it is not deception to let him form his own opinion. He did that before and you know what came of it—I could persuade him that he was wrong. He'll do the same thing again, but we won't try to show him his mistake. All you need do is to get an introduction when Alice and Helen do and not say anything to let him suspect that you're not sisters. He'll think all the rest."

Jessica was uncertain. "I'd be willing to try it, but whoever introduces us will probably say something in the introduction, itself, that would spoil all your plan. Uncle might introduce me, for he is acquainted with him, and he always presents me as, 'My niece, Jessica.'"

"Well, we can get around that. Tell your uncle that you're to get a five-pound box of Lowney's (and you'll be telling the truth) if three people in the place take you for one of his daughters. Then get him to introduce you and he'll do the rest."

When Jessica presented the matter to her uncle, he said, "Why, of course, dear, I'll help you earn your candy." Alice and Helen and their mother also gladly offered to help in so novel a plan.

Two days after this conversation, Mr. Elmore and Dick left for Mountain View. Dick stayed only till his father was comfortably settled and then left him to rest and solitude.

The days and nights were warm and quiet and proved the very thing his condition required. But while he appreciated these qualities, regretted the solitude.

When, therefore, at the end of the month, Judge McDonald and family arrived, Mr. Elmore anticipated much pleasure in their companionship.

The day of their arrival Jessica had fulfilled one-third of the wager when their host proved the first victim and her second member of the required three was Mr. Elmore himself.

He met the Judge on the following morning and was invited to drop in and see his new neighbors. "It will do you good to get out and enjoy society other than your own," he was told, "besides I want you to meet my wife and the girls," Mr. McDonald added.

Mr. Elmore gladly accepted and eight o'clock found him there and, as he had been told, his visit did him good. He accepted all things, as they appeared, and approved the appearances. In



answer to their urgent invitations he went often to their home, and went home again better pleased each time.

"No wonder the Judge thought they would do me good," he told himself, "they are so charming and womanly they would be a rest cure in themselves. Mr. McDonald is certainly fortunate in having such a wife and such daughters. Now, why couldn't Dick have chosen one of these girls instead of throwing on a professional creature," he stormed.

His thoughts ran on and suddenly he remembered these girls were cousins to the other Jessica McDonald. "Why couldn't she be like them? How was it that Dick had not fallen in love with this Jessica? Now this girl was sweet and gracious, and had no mannish professionalism about her," he thought and wrote much to the same effect, to Dick.

Dick wrote back saying he was tired of the hot, noisy city, and would be out in a few days to form his own judgment of such wonderful ladies.

He received a letter from Jessica the following day in which she claimed her reward. "Not only three, but as many more as there are people in the place believe that I am uncle's daughter," she wrote. "We have lots of fun out of it, too. No one guesses anything, but Alice nearly let the secret out when your father said he would like 'my son, Dick,' to meet us, but I called to her just then to look at an odd formation of clouds and the danger was averted."

In answer to this letter Dick delivered the candy in person and after a short time he went on to see his father.

As soon as they were comfortably settled after their greeting, Mr. Elmore began singing the praises of his new neighbors. "Why, Dick, my Jessica (as I call her to distinguish them) is a most charming girl. If you had only fallen in love with her I would be perfectly satisfied."

"Well, so is my Jessica a most charming girl and I think you'll agree with me when you see her picture," said Dick, at the same time taking a picture from his suit-case, where he had put it for this very purpose.

Mr. Elmore looked and gasped, "But, Dick, this is my Jessica, the Judge's daughter, and not a doctor at all."

"Our Jessica," Dick corrected, "is not a doctor, nor any kind of a professional woman, though she did know enough to help her father. She is not the Judge's daughter, either. She is his niece and is just visiting with him, and if you remember, the Judge never said she was his daughter. He let you think



she was, but that was my fault, Dad. I wanted you to meet Jessica without being prejudiced and in order to do that we had to have quite an elaborate plan. So Jessica told her uncle that she was to get a box of candy, if she could make three people in the place believe she was his daughter, without saying so. Of course, I promised that, and that is why you met her as you did," confessed Dick.

"Well, you took a most round-about way to make your stubborn old father see, but you have succeeded. How soon can I tell Jessica that I have received my sight?"

THE TOAD FROM ON HIGH

By Bryan Leiser

The serenity of the Sabbath noonday had been irreverently shattered, and only now was regaining its composure. The stifled wails that had issued from the door of the Tompkins' barn had ceased, and the voice of Mr. Tompkins could be heard in admonition.

"For the second time, if I again find that you've gone anywhere but to Sunday School on a Sunday morning, James, I'll have to repeat this fearful duty of mine. Remember, son," and the head of the Tompkins' family stepped from the barn and went into the house.

Simultaneously with the head executioner's departure bobbed the head of Shrimpy Green above the back fence. After reconnoiter comes advance. Since advance seemed feasible, Shrimpy hoisted himself to the top and dropped inside, and then scooted into the barn.

There, not sitting, but leaning against the wall, was the recently paddled James. Tear-channels down his face testified to the flood that had been, although only a furtive drop or two still rolled.

"Wha' smatter, Jim, why don't ya sit down?" innocently inquired Shrimpy with solicitous wonder.

"Say—you—you shut-up!" snarled Jim. And then, "Smart-Alec!"

"Hu-u-ummp-ph!" snickered Shrimp. "It was a peach of a whacking. Beat last Sunday's all hollow, Jim. Say, why don't you get revenge? If you won't ever go to Sunday School, you're alls going to get skinned. And you could stand it better if you'd get revenge."

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Silence followed, until Jim finally announced, "Can't get revenge on him now. All I can do is tell him I'm going to be a preacher. Gee, he hates to hear Ma say she'd like to make me a preacher. He just raves, 'n says I'm going to be a baseball player, if he has anything to do with me. Being a preacher ain't going to help any now. What'cha thinking about?"

After a moment Shrimp slowly raised his head. The light of genius brightened his eye, and he spoke weightily. Carefully he unrolled his plan. They would begin that very night. They would attend church. And then prayer meeting Wednesday night, and on the following Sunday they would be among the most attentive at Sunday School, would stay for church, and go to church again at night.

"After maybe four'r five weeks of it, your Pa will be taking notice. Then you can sorter drop hints about going to be a preacher, and ya guess maybe baseball is pretty sinful, and such. Then, if your Pa don't jerk you out and away from religion, I'll—I'll—eat dirt!"

"And I can begin to pack a prayer-book, and read in it at meals. That's the way Aunt Martha usta do, and Pa, he pretty near broke down trying to hold himself in. Say, Kid, you've got the greatest head for schemes!" and Jim leaped on top of the young wiseacre, and together they rolled on the floor in heathenish joy.

"But my, it's going to be an awful strain on you, Jim," panted Shrimp as they sat up. "I know I can stand it, but you——" and he wagged his head doubtfully.

"Reckon I can if you can!" asserted Jim with vim.

At seven-fifteen that evening Mr. Tompkins received a shock which nearly proved fatal to his sanity.

"Wha—what say?" he chortled. "Going to go to church?" and then suspiciously, "Well, you just wait and go with your mother and me. Going with Shrimp Green y' say? You're going with us, I tell you. Shrimp can come along if he behaves, but you two shan't be trusted alone."

Everything passed off beautifully, however. Shrimp sang hymns in a high nasal tone, and James fairly shone with angelic beatification as the good leader counseled his wayward flock. And when the announcement was made that a great revival meeting with nightly services, was to be held throughout the following week, there passed between the two young rascals a sly pinch that meant "Oh, what luck!"

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Wednesday night came, and Shrimp and Jim went to prayer meeting with Jim's mother. With much gusto they took part, and thoroughly amazed many of their elders by such a studied air of attention as they wore.

Mr. Tompkins' amazement at the strange actions of his offspring since the application of the rod on Sunday began to abate, until James appeared one day with a prayer-book in his pocket. It gave Mr. Tompkins another surprise, but when James laid the book on the dinner table and began to study it, surprise gave way to growing doubt, and doubt to the conviction that he was being sold by his son. But he said nothing.

Sunday saw a new record made for James and Shrimp. Sunday School, morning service, and evening service all received the attention of the two little saints.

Jim's father had taken to wrinkling his brow in a fearful manner, and would shove his hat back and scratch his head in a perplexed way that fairly asked in words, "Now what's that boy up to?" When Mrs. Tompkins would say fondly, "I do believe James is going to be a minister," her husband would mutter and then say with conviction, "Not if I know it!"

He had been waiting for the return of his son to the old habits. "It's only a temporary fanaticism of James', and it will end soon," he said, but it evidently was not ending as soon as he expected.

The two boys attended the revival meetings from the start. After the first two nights, however, the unvaried monotony of the services was more than they could well stand. All the pent-up dislike of such things, which they had been throttling in themselves for the last three weeks was forcing its way through. Their parents had become reconciled to their good behavior of late, and no longer insisted on chaperoning them for fear of an outbreak in public.

But alas! how few parents know their own children as well as they think they do. It was at Friday night's service. Up in the gallery, toward the back, was a corner where just two could find room. And Shrimp and Jim were there. The railing of the gallery was broad and flat, and the portion in front of the two boys was cut off from the view of others in the gallery by a big beam supporting the roof. You could do all sorts of things on that railing while you waited for service to end.

Some spirit of darkness in Shrimp had prompted him to bring in his pockets two medium-sized toads. He had captured

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them that afternoon, and the importance of ownership suggested that he display them to Jim, so the toads went to church.

Perched in their corner, the two little barbarians laid their treasure out on the railing and proceeded to prod into activity what little life remained in the toads, while downstairs the revivalist pleaded for the repentance of sinners.

"Jimminy, Shrimp! look at what might happen," grinned Jimmy, peering over the railing. Directly below gleamed the bright bald dome of Dr. Watts. "Wouldn't you like to play drop-eye with that?"

"I wonder, if we dropped a toad on it, would it smack?" calculated Shrimp. "I'll bet it would smack like anything." And he gazed meditatively downward. Just a foot out, and a little forward; a—a—ah! it would be a perfect—— With just a little slimp wiggle and twist, the toad in his hand slipped free, and dropped fairly and squarely on the doctor's head.

It smacked, all right. Long and loud was the sound, and the victim of the outrage was at first greatly bewildered, then indignant, and finally outrageously angry.

The two horrified youngsters gazed down at the center of confusion in the congregation. And while they gazed, the remaining toad gave a hop that carried him beyond Jimmy's clutching grasp, and landed exactly on top of Mrs. Deevers' folded hands, which lay in her lap.

The doctor had worked himself up considerably already, but Mrs. Deevers in her excitement exceeded his outbursts. Shrieking in an ear-piercing tone, she waved her arms about and clambered to the seat of her chair.

"Snakes! Fire! Help!" screamed the frightened woman. That broke up the meeting. A wild rush for vantage points from which to view the scene took place. Two or three men hurried up the stairs to the gallery, but Mr. Tompkins led them all by about fifteen feet. He had a strong personal interest in the apprehension of the culprits.

No words were wasted, but Mr. Tompkins and Mr. Green each made a grasp for a squirming son and laid his kicking capture across that broad railing, and immediately a series of wails and cries burst forth over the hilarious confusion that raged below, accompanied by a medley of sharp popping reports.

"I—uh—guess—uh," grunted Mr. Tompkins, "that a baseball career would not be too sinful for you after all, eh, son?" And he laid his blows on with increased vigor.



LET THOSE LAUGH THAT WIN

By Lloyd Folger—Masquer

Dick Hollbrick sat upon a half-rotted log staring hard at the ground,—a very dejected looking figure, indeed. Invested in the ground under his very feet was two hundred out of the five hundred dollars his father had given him when he left home.

You see, Dick always did possess a longing for the wilderness and when, six months ago, his friend, Don Albright, had proposed a trip to Alaska in search of wealth and adventure. Dick had enthusiastically consented to join him. But Don was suddenly taken ill only a few days before they were to leave and was obliged to give up the trip. Dick had had his mind so firmly made up to go that he carried out the plans for them both and left, alone.

Many adventures had happened to him since his arrival in this strange land. He suddenly realized on this beautiful August morning that there remained but twenty dollars of his original five hundred and the worst part of it all was, that he had been so economical and had denied himself many little pleasures in order to save his money.

The cause for his grief lay buried in the yellow soil under him, or rather it did not lie buried beneath him. Had it been, and had he found it, he would not be having the "blues" on this beautiful morning.

"I've been buncoed," he cried to himself for the fiftieth time that morning. "Oh! if I only had that sharker here for about two minutes, if I wouldn't decorate his scenery! But I suppose he's too busy spending the two hundred to bother his head about me."

Dick, upon his arrival at Nome, one evening had fallen in with a stranger, a Mr. Greene by name, who took a great interest in the boy, that is, after he had found out that Dick had some ready cash he wished to invest. The stranger made himself so agreeable that at last Dick consented to go with him to look over some mining property he wanted to sell. Dick was so impressed by what the stranger told him of this wonderful mine that without further looking into the matter he purchased it, giving in payment two hundred dollars. This, with the seventy-five dollars he had spent in buying two gold nuggets for keepsakes, at Nome, left his pocket-book rather light.

It was truly a beautiful place, situated a half mile up the mountain side from Soloman. From here he could look out over

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the tops of the tall pine trees in the narrow valley below, and upon the little town itself, nestled snugly up against the steep mountain side opposite. Soloman proudly boasted of one hundred inhabitants, one general store, and four saloons. It consisted of but one street, running lengthwise of the valley—but then that was enough. Dick always had to laugh to himself when he thought of going downtown. When he was a little boy he had often heard his parents speak of going downtown or going uptown, and had often wondered in his little mind just what was the difference between these two expressions—now he knew.

The one hundred inhabitants had for a long time been laughing at Dick digging away up on the mountain side. Dick knew that, too, and there was the “rub.”

“They take me for a tenderfoot,” said he to himself that morning sitting out there in the sunshine. “But I don’t know as I blame them any. I guess I was a tenderfoot to bite at such bait as this stuff,” giving the yellow clay a contemptuous kick with his boot. “I’ve learned some things since I’ve been scratching away up here the last two months. We’ll see who is Soloman’s goat. They will take me for a greenhorn fresh from the ‘States’ and make a laughing stock of me, huh! I’ll show them a few things yet.”

The next evening Shorty Smith came up the trail to pay the young miner a visit.

“Hey, you bub, open up,” called Shorty, at the same time pounding on the door with his fist. But no answer came from within.

He pounded a second time, and still there came no answer to his knocks.

“Wonder what’s become o’ th’ younghter?” said Shorty to himself.

He tried to open the door—and found it barred from within!

This certainly was interesting and Shorty thought he had better inform the boys before he did anything further. He had never heard of anyone locking their doors, for in that free country no one ever thought of such a thing as barring their doors.

He turned about and went back down the winding trail with a perplexed wrinkle on his brow.

“Well, by heck, if thet don’t beat me!” he mumbled to himself. “Wonder what the kid’s up to now?”

That evening all of Soloman became interested and two of her worthy citizens climbed the rocky trail to the cabin to find out for themselves what Shorty had told them.

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"Hark!" whispered Hank, who was in the lead, as they approached, "Hear that?"

The two strained their ears and listened. Yes, there could be no mistaking that sound—the sound of gravel being washed in a pan.

They drew up closer. Then the noise stopped and all was deathly still. They sneaked back a few paces and hid behind some bushes. It was not a dark night and one could see easily from the high window in the cabin what was going on outside. Then again came the jingling sound—the sound of pebbles rattling in a pan.

The two went back to Soloman in deep thought, and, although they kept to themselves what they seen and heard, the others knew by their actions, Shorty's report was true.

Great excitement reigned among the population of Soloman that night. Could it be true that the old Lost Hope was at last yielding up the precious metal? After all her years of idleness was she now producing the dust?

There was something else in store for the citizens of Soloman City. Dick's supply of grub had run very low, so he decided to make a trip downtown the following morning.

Upon his first appearance in town he was enthusiastically greeted by all the population, each wanting to buy him a drink or a cigar. He was almost carried away by this unusual display of friendliness. He was followed about wherever he went. It was grand to be so popular and to receive so much attention.

He entered the general store, the throng following. He found Red, the proprietor, waiting upon a customer in the rear of the store. Red forgot himself for a moment in his astonishment at seeing so distinguished a personage as one Dick Hollbrick, that he estrewed the remaining four pounds of sugar he was putting into a bag, over the counter. He forgot his customer in his haste to wait upon Dick's needs. One would have thought him to be Dick's long-lost brother.

"But, wait a minute, Red," said Dick, "I haven't any money, so I want to ask you a favor——"

"You don't need any money in this store, friend," answered Red.

"No, I don't want to ask to be trusted," began Dick.

"I'd trust you like me own son," interrupted Red.

"Say, Red, let's get down to business," said Dick, "I want to take back some grub, I can pay for it if you will cash these."

He felt the stare of every pair of eyes in the store upon him



as he thrust his hand into his coat pocket and withdrew it, handing over to Red his two souvenir nuggets he had bought at Nome four months previous.

Red tried hard to conceal his amazement, but he made a poor job of it.

One member of the group of men left the store, then another, and another, now they were all leaving at once. Traffic became somewhat congested in the narrow doorway. One would have thought a bomb was about to explode to see the store empty so rapidly.

Dick and Red were left alone.

"Where'd you find 'em, boy," excitedly asked Red, "two ounces apiece!"

Dick gave a careless nod over his shoulder towards Lost Hope. Certainly they had come from Lost Hope—hadn't he, too?

"What'll you sell 'em fer," eagerly inquired Red.

"Ten thousand, and not a cent less."

* * *

"A tenderfoot," softly laughed Dick to himself as he watched the seagulls dive for the pieces of biscuit he was throwing over the rail to them. "No, I guess not a tenderfoot."

KI-YI

By William Eddy

Far in the frozen north stands a monument in the center of a huge plain. Fastened upon this massive pillar of rock, a small bronze plate bears the inscription—"This monument is raised in memory of the most brave, courageous and devoted Ki-yi, the loss of whose life on this spot made possible the discovery of the Klondike."

"Ki-yi!—Kolo! Come here!" The sharp, familiar call of rough old Jim Watts rang out over the snow from the provision sled. "Here, Ki-yi! Lie here and watch! Kolo! Lie here! Sir! none of that. Lie down, I say, and quit that growling! Take this fish and shut up!"

The dim twilight of the Alaskan night found Trapper Jim far out from Dawson on his perilous mission with a sled of flour and fish destined for the horde of gold-seekers who had rushed into the Tanana Hills without thought of provisions and now were starving in consequence.

In order to save every ounce of fish possible for the sufferers he decided to leave the provisions under guard of Ki-yi

TAMARACK.

and Kolo, while he should procure for the dogs a timber wolf or two from the pack which he knew from experience would be following the scent of the fish sled.

He felt no misapprehension concerning the dogs nor the sled, for were not Ki-yi and Kolo, the best two team dogs in Alaska, on guard? Kolo was a splendid police dog, late from the government service; Ki-yi was a huge, powerful, black dog from the fort. A cross between an english bulldog and a northern sled dog, he exhibited the characteristics of both parents in his wonderful tenacity and fighting power as well as in his team work. The craftiness and alertness from ages of ancestors who had fought for every morsel was coupled with the brute force and dogged perseverance of his other stubborn ancestors to produce a dog that was known from one end of the North to the other, simply by his canine war cry—Ki-yi, Ki-yi.

It had been a short half-hour since Jim Watts had left the sled. The shadows had imperceptibly fallen a little thicker over the snow-covered valley, rendering almost invisible the little group of hobbled dogs surrounding the sled guarded by Ki-yi and Kolo. Suddenly the black leader stood erect and listened with his head pointed toward the north. Every one of the team quickly bristled up and stared likewise to the north, inquisitive to learn what had aroused the guard. The answer, gently wafted by the night air, came back, "woo—oof, woo—oof." It was the dreaded call of the timber wolf, hunting in a pack.

Closer and closer it came and higher and higher rose the fear within the hobbled sled dogs. They could neither run nor fight, yet instinct taught them that the only safety was in holding together. This they did at a short distance from the sled while Ki-yi and Kolo, with manes bristling and eyes flashing, stood exactly where their master had placed them.

Growling, barking, roaring, and snarling, the pack of gray, hunger-crazed beasts rushed straight on toward the fish-laden sled until the long, drawn-out booming notes, "Ki-i-i—Yi-i-i, Ki-i-i—Yi-i-i," suddenly checked them. What was this? Must they make a fight for their supper? The leader of the pack sent up an answering wail which was taken up in chorus and yelped constantly, as the pack circled in and out, in and out, around the sled. Now and then, one of them, more daring than his fellows, would dart in and try to catch the dogs unaware, but after a few had returned to the circle with a snapped leg bone or a torn shoulder, they became craftier and made their attacks in bunches of two or three.

Then the fight waxed fast and furious, with ten hunger-crazed beasts of the wild pitted against the two finest and fittest

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sled dogs of the North. Two husky, long-bodied wolves attempted to overcome equal opposition by making the attack from both sides at once. Kolo seized his antagonist in a vice-like grip and, although the wolf's jaws were buried in his neck they were soon released after a snap had announced that the wolf's back-bone had given beneath the strain. Kiyi had overcome his enemy a trifle sooner by means of this same trick which Trapper Jim had taught them. But these two had hardly been tossed aside when two more gray forms leaped from the circle toward Kolo almost at the same instant. Yet Ki-yi no sooner saw his mate entangled by the two wolves than he jumped over the sled, seized each of them by the back of the neck and tore them from Kolo with such a mighty crunch of his bulldog jaws that they remained lying where they fell.

The rest of the wolves, when they saw the fate which had befallen the last two, made a wrathful rush at the dogs, who were nearly exhausted from their encounter. Yet once more the dogs stood back to back and braved the onslaught. The air teemed with the baying and yelping of the infuriated wolves, mixed with the piteous whines of the other team dogs. Once more the death cry, "Ki-i-i—Yi-i-i, Ki-i-i—Yi-i-i" rang out. But the wolves could be stopped by nothing short of death itself. Some of them were already gory red, some hobbled on three legs, yet still they grabbed and dove at the dogs. Finally, one of them succeeded in seizing the death-dealing black fury by the leg, whereupon the remainder of the pack, except two who were engaged in a vital grapple with Kolo, quickly pounced upon Ki-yi. The mass squirmed and twisted, with now and then the click and crack of breaking bones mingling with the death growl of some stricken wolf.

Kolo tore away from his two assailants and joined the tossing mass of bodies, trying in vain to save Ki-yi as he himself had been saved a few minutes before. The two wolves also mixed savagely into the fray, biting with mad rage right and left, wolf or dog, it mattered not.

Thus the melee raged and rolled in the crimson snow, rending the night air with ferocious screams of anger and anguish, the crazed cry of the living mingling with the growls and groans of the dying until at last the struggling, striving knot of flesh and hair and blood lay still, nor ceased to move—not even when the trapper's gruff old voice boomed out, "Ki-yi! Kolo! Come here."

Classes

SENIOR A

Good-bye, dear old North Central High,
We pass from thy beloved hall,
We now must break an honored tie,
And bid a fond farewell to all!

Did you see the Senior A Play, "Georgiana," January twenty-third? Hazel Britton and Melvin Pugh were fine, weren't they? Who would have thought that Murrel Davies could take the part of a rich man so well! As for Ferris Gehrke, she surely makes a splendid hair-dresser. The other members of the cast were equally as good, and the production was certainly a credit to the class.

We were royally entertained by the Senior B's at a banquet in the Hall of the Doges, January ninth, and extend our hearty thanks to the June '14 Class for such an enjoyable evening.

We have departed from the usual custom of having a formal class party, and instead, a long sleigh-ride to Nine Mile was enjoyed, where a warm supper was served.

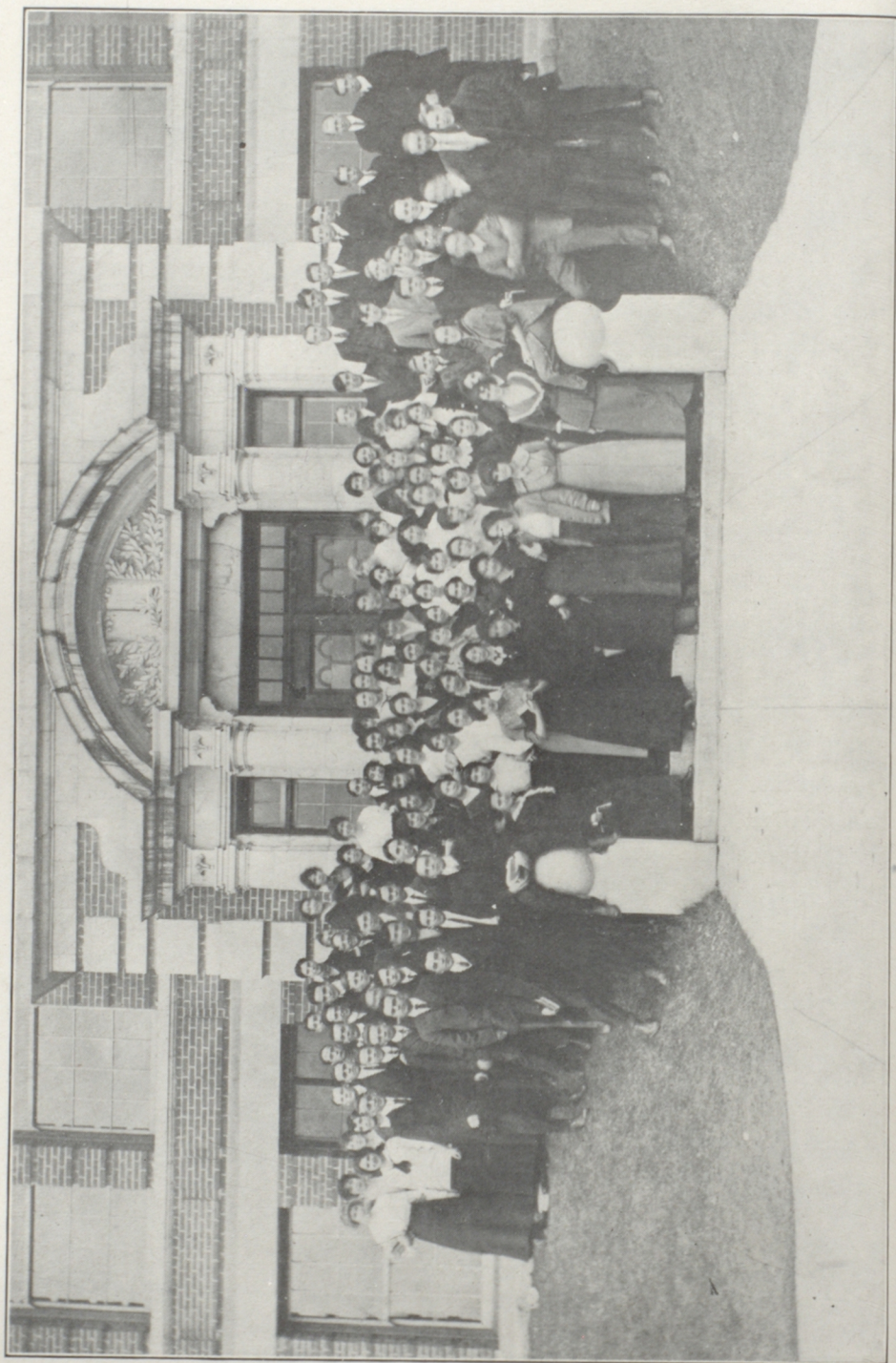
The Class Memorial, a painted act drop curtain and a plain inside set of scenery, was made by the Spokane Scenic Studio, which shows that the members of the January '14 Class are boosters for home industry. For the first time since the opening of the school, it was formally presented on Class Day, and used by the Senior A's in their play.

We, of the January '14 Class, wish success to the future Senior A's, to the rest of the student body, especially the Freshies, and the faculty of the North Central High School.

SENIOR B

On January ninth, 1913, the Senior A Class was entertained by the Senior B's at a banquet in the Hall of the Doges. Those

Sixty-five





appointed as a committee in charge of the banquet were: LeRoy Hunter, Pearl Oman, and Virginia Riblet.

The program was as follows:

Reply to Willard Matters.....	Jack Abrams
"Entrance and Exit".....	Mr. Hargreaves
"A Generation".....	Edward Shears
"The Common Quest".....	Miss Beutel
"Through My Binoculars".....	Aden Keele
"In Upper Case".....	Mr. Sawtelle
"A Biped".....	Berta Hindley
"Ten Buds".....	John Shaw
"Eighteen Carats".....	Mr. Ramsey
Vocal Solo—Selected.....	Marie Corner
Reading—"Ghosts".....	Cecilia Kerkhoven
Vocal Solo—Selected.....	Louis Levin
Violin Solo—Selected.....	Bruce Healey

JUNIOR A

The Junior A's are pushing right to the front. David Kirk, our President, emulating David of old, shed the rusty armour of indolence and inactivity in class affairs and twirling the sling-shot of energy and push about him, hurled a missile that felled the Goliath of class indifference and left the hulk of the monster lying back in the early semester frosts.

Falling in with the same spirit, the class started the ball rolling by having a "Kid Party." The gymnasium was secured and thither, on Friday night, December nineteenth, frisked all the members of the class. A good program was prepared for the children. Papa and Mama Hargreaves were there to receive the more timid as they entered. They were assisted by Auntie Kaye. These relatives invited some friends, Mr. and Mrs. Woodward, and Mr. and Mrs. Moyer, who were present. A thoroughly good time was enjoyed by all.

JUNIOR B

Fate has been kind to the Class of June, 1915, in this, its Junior B year. Many joys and honors have fallen to our lot, for which we are truly grateful. To those of our class whose energy and talents have made our class prominent, we tender our

Sixty-seven



thanks and expressions of appreciation for services direct or indirect.

With pride we point to the operetta "Bul-Bul," in which many of the leading parts were taken by Junior B's.

We call attention to the fact that four of the first team football players who are members of our class, and one of them is the red-headed captain-elect for 1914, Robert Kolbe.

Perhaps no records have been set by the Class of June '15, but for good, steady, all-around work, we feel we have not been surpassed. With happy memories left behind, our title of "Junior B's" is about to fall from us. To the following class we leave it, with hopes that to them it will prove as golden as it has to us.

SOPHOMORE A

"Hail to the Senior A's!"

They have fought their way for four long years through the difficulties that beset the paths of students and they have come forth victorious. The Sophomore A Class wishes the Senior A Class success and happiness in the years to come. May the Sophomore A Class two years hence, when we are Senior A's, show their appreciation for work well done.

Again I say, "Hail to the Senior A's!"

FRESHMAN A

The Freshman A Class is one of the largest, best, and most prosperous in the North Central High School. We are studious, one and all. Who among us dislikes school? "School days are golden," and studies a pleasure. Each school day comes as night follows morning. Each student is like a star in the heavens. He is bright and shines forth with a promise of greater future brightness. Schools are like wonderful planets and we, the students, are their occupants. "Each morn we see some task begun, each eve we see it close."

Our teachers are like wonderful spirits guiding us around dark pit-holes, and keeping our lives in safety. Thus we thank them all. We all know there is an end to everything, and that means that some day our school days will be over. So come, let us be happy and gay, and make it a place we shall always remember.

THERE WERE A VARIETY OF SIZES.

M.
SABISTON.



Art Doveny



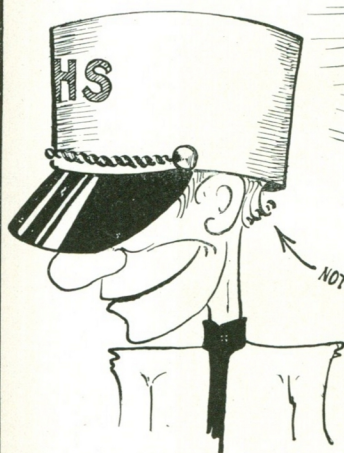
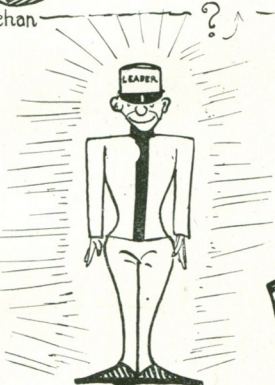
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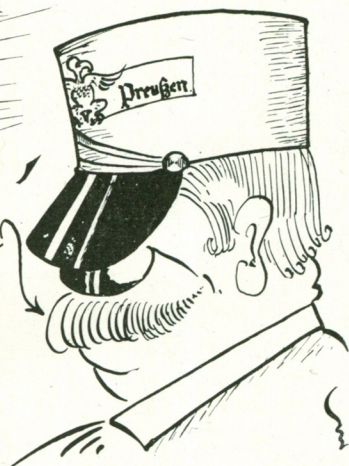


Glaze



NOTICE RESEMBLANCE TO

PORTAIT OF BISMARCK



BEFORE



OUR VERY
BECOMING
BAND
UNIFORMS
HAVE
ARRIVED.

AFTER



Societies

THE MATHEMATICS CLUB

The second annual Algebra Contest conducted by the Mathematics Club was held on December ninth. Of the twenty contestants who tried out for honors, Erma Wylder proved herself the most efficient. The presentation of a pennant to Miss Wylder, was made by Elizabeth Farquhar, the President of the club, in Convocation on the following Thursday. The club held a social meeting at the home of Anna Mary and Esther Muir, Saturday evening, December thirteenth, where a very pleasant evening was spent.

COMMERCIAL CLUB

Clarence Sampson having resigned his position as President of the Commercial Club, Earl Stimson was elected to fill that position for the remainder of the semester. Oliver Craney was elected Sergeant at Arms.

The first social meeting was held at the school on Thursday night, December fourth. The program was as follows: Piano Solo, Olive McConnell; Vocal Solo, Vera Fullerton; "Benefits of the Commercial Course," Mabel Jones; "The Stenotype," Harry Irvin; and a very interesting and instructive talk by Mr. Davy, a prominent business man of this city, on the subject, "Credit."

Friday night, December nineteenth, was held the next meeting of the club. The main attractions were the spelling contests. In the first contest the honors went to Burchard Ross, who was awarded a pennant. The second contest was won by Mary Cutler. The rest of the program was as follows: Piano Solo, Myrtle Wimpy; Vocal Solo, Vera Fullerton; "The History of Gregg Shorthand," Grace Hancock; and Vocal Solos by Guy Sheehan.

The club was just organized this fall and made a rather late start, but as some things improve by age, so will the Commercial Club, and next semester we hope to make it all that it can be made, a help to the students in the Commercial course, and an honor to the school.



THE DEBATING SOCIETY

The United States would be morally justified in invading Mexico with a view to annexation, according to the decision given by the judges in a faculty debate, held on the afternoon of December second. The affirmative side was upheld by Professors Kennedy and Jones, the negative by Professors Ramsey and Sanborn. The debate was very interesting and Room 205 was crowded.

Another interesting event was the meeting of the United States Senate, composed of members of the Debating Society, on December sixteenth. A bill which required that all immigrants to the United States should pass a literary test, was introduced by the Democrats of which the Senator from Minnesota, Russel White, was the floor leader. The members of the Independent Party, headed by Senator Earl Stimson from Arkansas, proposed an amendment to the bill, but the amendment was not carried.

After one of the most spirited discussions that has occurred in the Senate for years, the Democrats persuaded some insurgent Senators to vote with them, and a motion was carried to adjourn, after the bill had been laid on the table.

The purpose of the Debating Society is to give its members practice in debating and public speaking. According to all indications the work of the society during the coming semester will be even more helpful and interesting than that of the one just past.

DELTAS

Yes, we are still here and we are here to stay. If there is any doubt in your mind concerning that fact just ask some of the boys who have attended our regular meetings this year.

We have had some very interesting as well as instructive addresses at our meetings this year from such prominent men as Mayor Hindley, J. A. Yeomans of the Old National Bank, Principal R. T. Hargreaves of the North Central, Samuel Moyer of North Central, and many others. On account of their long experience in dealing with the public these men were able to give us a number of pointers which will prove valuable to us in the future.

At the close of the football season we entertained the members of the first team at the Y. M. C. A., and after a big feed and a few speeches Tom Allen led us in a number of school yells.

The Deltas have ordered their club pins, which will be here in the near future. Watch for them.

TAMARACK.

THE GERMAN SOCIETY

The German Society is to give a German play. It was decided at our last meeting. Miss Fish has charge of the selecting of the play, and you can be assured it will be a good one.

The change in admitting only a limited number to the club has worked remarkably well, and has had the right effect. The society is sure to prosper.

"We can't do it!" is a sentence that never found a home in this club, and after you see the play you will agree with us.



It true the Glee Club is yet in its infancy. It was predicted early this fall that the club would be before the students soon, but owing to the time and energy spent on the production of the operetta, the members and the director were unable to find available time for practice—a main qualification for such an organization. But now we have resumed our weekly practice, and before long will be able to bring forth the fruits of our labors. A congenial bunch of fellows are the club, besides having the best voices in the school. They are interested in making the club a howling success, and it is safe to say they will do it.



THE MASQUE

On the evening of November twenty-sixth an interesting meeting was held at the home of Donald Stewart. Tom Allen, Marie Corner, Lloyd Folger, Pearl Oman, May Wylde, and David Kirk furnished an excellent literary programme. The Masque also enjoyed two readings by Margaret Hunter. A delightful social time followed.

The largest and probably the most interesting meeting of the semester was held December twenty-sixth at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hargreaves. We welcomed as guests the members of the English faculty and also all of the Masque alumni members. Original stories were read by Lena Wilson, Elizabeth Farquhar, and Robert Yorke. A poem, "Liberty," by Fay Whealdon, was read by Cecilia Kirkhoven. William Eddy and Lloyd Folger amused in a very touching little pantomime and Stuart Lower and David Kirke also furnished humor with a short playlet. Marie Corner sang two selections. During the evening readings were given by Mary Caughey and Marion Wise.

Interesting talks were given by Alan Paine, Gayton Knight, and Minnie Tanner, in which Harvard, Cornell, and Whitworth Colleges were praised and recommended to Masque members.

The real event of the evening, however, was the coming of Santa Claus, in the person of David Kirk. From a beautifully decorated and package laden Christmas tree he distributed gifts to all. Drums, dolls, guns, blocks, and every other imaginable kind of toy delighted the hearts of all, "Faculty" as well as "Masquers." Dainty refreshments were served late in the evening. The Masque will long remember this delightful Christmas meeting and the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Hargreaves.

It is nearly the end of the semester and the Masque in looking back feels that it has made an enviable record. Excellent programmes have been given at all our meetings. The records of graduate members away at college are splendid. The Masque is well represented among the officers of most of the class organizations, also the Tamarack staff. Two Masque members are January '14 class orators. Just look over the Tamarack for this semester. Almost without exception the Literary Departments are filled with contributions by Masque members. But we do not wish to seem to praise the Masque too much. We are not yet satisfied and are ever endeavoring to press onward and upward.



THE MASQUE SCHOOL SONG CONTEST

The Masque School Song Contest is a contest originated for the purpose of obtaining and choosing a North Central High School Song, under the auspices of the Masque Literary and Dramatic Society of the North Central High School and governed by the conditions herewith enumerated.

I. Every member of the North Central High School, and all graduated alumni from this school, are eligible to enter and compete in the contest.

II. All manuscripts must be strictly original.

III. The manuscripts should be of reasonable length, preferably over 15 lines, optional meter and development, and adaptable to be set to music.

IV. The contest will close at the date when a suitable manuscript is accepted by the named judges.

V. All manuscripts should be submitted to the Masque Faculty Director.

VI. All manuscripts should be legibly written in ink or typewritten.

VII. All manuscripts shall be signed by a fictitious name, accompanied by a sealed envelope, which envelope bearing on the outside the fictitious name of the contestant, and the real name of contestant enclosed within.

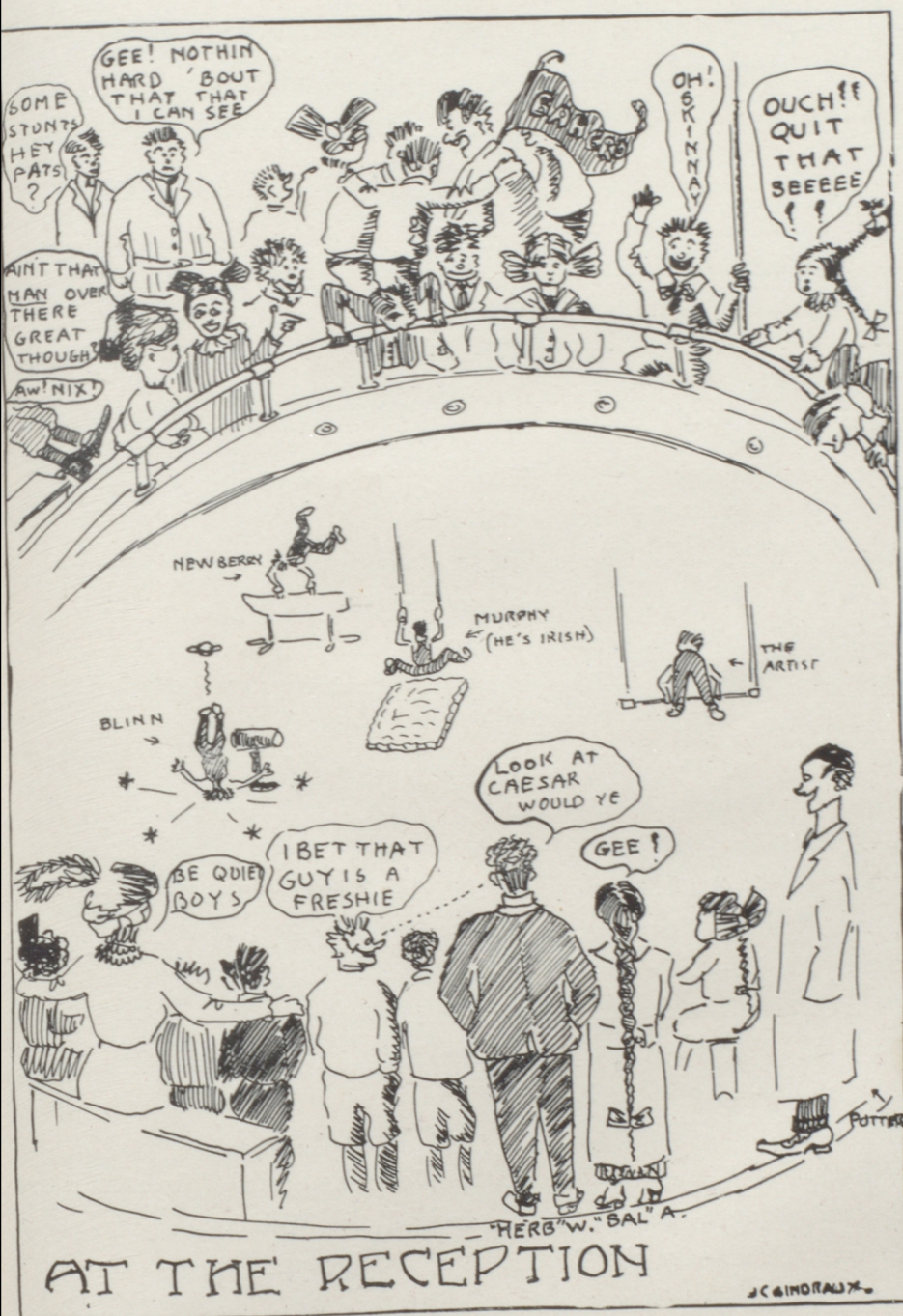
VIII. The judges will be: The Principal of North Central High School; the Faculty Director of the Masque; the President of the Masque; the Head of the Music Department; and the Head of English Department.

IX. The award shall consist of one cash prize of \$50.00 (fifty dollars).

Music is not required with the song, but is permissible if submitted.

The Faculty Director of the Masque Society, Miss Edith Broomhall, will gladly answer any questions relating to the contest.

The contest is on now. Get busy!



Library

H.G.S.

BOOKS RECENTLY ADDED TO THE LIBRARY

- Adams, E. C. & Foster, W. D.—Heroines of Modern Progress.
Bagot, Richard—Italians of Today.
Bostock, F. C.—Training of Wild Animals.
Bruce, H. A. B.—Women in the Making of America.
Bryce, James—South America.
Compton, Herbert—Indian Life in Town and Country.
Cooper, C. S.—Why Go to College?
Crawford, M. C.—College Girl of America.
Gibson, C. R.—Scientific Ideas of Today.
Goodrich, J. K.—Africa of Today.
Gross, Anthony, Ed.—Lincoln's Own Stories.
Harris, J. C.—Nights With Uncle Remus.
Hughes, Thomas—David Livingstone.
Ingersoll, Ernest—Wild Life.
Keller, Helen—Story of My Life.
Laut, A. C.—Pathfinders of the West; Story of the Trapper.
Okey, Thomas—Story of Venice.
Paine, H. E.—Girls and Women.
Palmer, G. H.—Life of Alice Freeman Palmer.
Ramsay, William—Conquest of the Air.
Riis, J. A.—How the Other Half Lives.
Rollins, F. W.—What Can a Young Man Do?
Singleton, Esther—Wonders of the World as Seen by Great Writers.
Slocum, Joshua—Sailing Alone Around the World.
Steiner, E. A.—On the Trail of the Immigrant.
Stockton, F. R.—Buccaneers and Pirates.
Washington, B. T.—Up From Slavery.
Wendell, Barrett—France of Today.

Exchanges

The "Enicar" is good for a monthly paper, but there are a few criticisms to be offered. The idea of two kinds of paper in the same number is rather unusual and we think to hold to one kind would afford more pleasing results.

The Literary Department of the football issue of the "Crimson and Gray" is exceedingly good. "The Twisted Sheet" deserves special mention.

The "Tattler" is an excellent recommendation for the school.

The "Wigwam" was read with delight. You always have a good Literary Department and this number did not prove an exception.

The Christmas number of the "World" is an exceptionally fine high school paper. The art work is especially to be commended.

The "Lewis and Clark Journal" comes up to its usual high standard in the Christmas issue.

The "Kinnikinick" is a tastefully arranged paper, but a few half-tones would improve its appearance.

The "Oracle" is a neat and conservative paper, but a few cuts and more art work would brighten it considerably. The Literary Department is excellent.

Debate

H.G.S

The Red and Black are victors not only on field and track but in other school enterprises. It is true that it has gotten to be almost proverbial of the North Central to win in every athletic activity,—so much so, indeed, that the trophies therefrom are getting to be almost a burden to the office. But, is that the only activity in which the North Central is interested and from which she comes out victorious? No. In oratory and debate our contestants are also the winners.

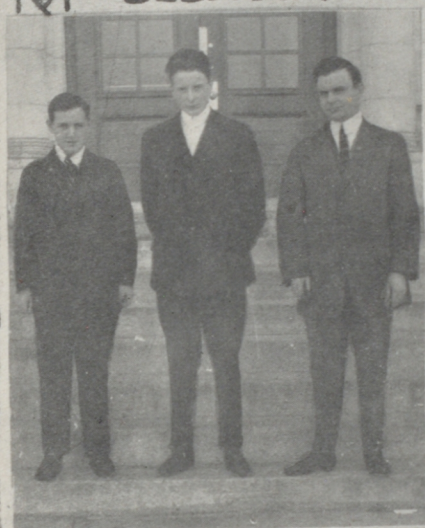
This year North Central has won every debate in which our boys have taken part. At the beginning of the semester preliminary contests were held to select the team for the state series. Those entering the try-outs were: Merton Jesseph, Mardee Jenson, Harold Kenyon, David Keener, David Kirk, Adan Keele, Morton Margoyles, Robert O'Brien, Howard Potter, Wesley Safford, Earl Stimson, Edward Shears, Ward Walker, and Russell White. Harold Kenyon, David Kirk, Morton Margollys, Aden Keele, Robert O'Brien, Earl Stimson, Edward Shears, Ward Walker, and Russell White were chosen to represent the North Central.

The first debate of the season was with the Sprague High School at Sprague, Washington, November seventh. Aden Keele, Earl Stimson, and Russell White represented North Central, and Gladys Melville, Rosa Stolp, and Frank Cannon were the Sprague debaters. The judges were: Professors Buchanan, Merriman, and Craig of Cheney Normal School. Our team faced a crowded auditorium of interested hearers. During the day at a convocation, the students had practiced a number of yells for the evening. Both girls and boys took part in these exercises. After the debate the people of Sprague gave the North Central representatives an old-time reception.

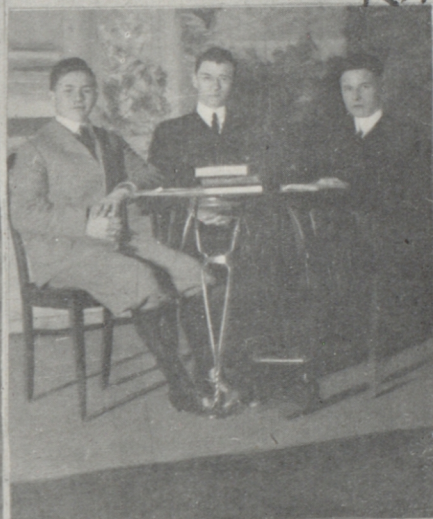
Our next debate was with Lewis and Clark. We had long wished for this opportunity. Last year both schools were eliminated from the state contests before they were matched against each other. The grand opportunity came at last, December twelfth, with Lewis and Clark supporting the affirmative and the North Central the negative of the state question. Guy Frazer, Wesley La Violette, and Thomas Kelly represented the Lewis and Clark, and Morton Morgoyles, Russell White, and Edward Shears were chosen to represent the North Central. The judges were: President Penrose, Whitman College; Principal Froula, Lincoln



DEBATING SOCIETY



N.C.H.S.
VS
SPRAGUE



M.C.H.S.
VS
L.C.H.S.

High School, Seattle; and President Craighead, University of Montana.

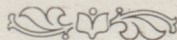
That evening the auditorium was well filled with ardent supporters of both teams, and the debate was a real contest from the opening to the closing speeches. But the decision of the judges was in favor of North Central, thus declaring North Central debaters the champions of Spokane, and putting our team far on the road to winning the championship of this district.

Dramatics

That the North Central High School is NOT lacking in dramatic ability is plainly shown by the two splendid productions given recently in the school auditorium, and that the students and friends of North Central are not lacking in appreciation of dramatic ability is shown by the large audiences that have witnessed both performances.

One of the most pleasing and artistic plays ever given in the school was the comic opera, "Bul-Bul," presented Wednesday evening, December tenth, by students of the Music Department. It was directed by Mr. Rice, head of the Music Department; Miss Rogers, dramatic coach; and Miss Bickley, dancing instructor. The splendid way in which the performance was rendered spoke of the faithful work of both cast and instructors. "Bul-Bul" is the second musical comedy undertaken by the Music Department. They have proven so successful that one will be given annually.

"Georgiana," the Class Play given by the January '14 Class, was delightful. Those who did not see it missed one of the best Senior plays ever given by a graduating class. The characters were well chosen and acted their parts admirably. We will lose many valuable actors when the January Class leaves, but we certainly have a jewel in Miss Rogers, our dramatic coach. With such a splendid beginning in "Bul-Bul" and "Georgiana," we feel sure that we can look forward with great pleasure and expectancy to the coming year of dramatics with even greater success than that of the past semester.





"Georgie"



"The Lieutenant"



Ernestine McDonald

Truma Thomas

Howard Potter

Murrel Davies

Donald Neely

Ferris Gehrke

Verne Palmer

Christine Cremans

Locals

Three thousand patrons of the North Central High School took advantage of the "Open House" evening on November twenty-second, and were entertained by the students and the faculty until ten o'clock. After the program the crowd scattered to the different parts of the building, all of which were open to public inspection.

Samples of work done by students were on exhibition in the different departments, and work was carried on throughout the evening by some of the students, so that skeptical persons could see for themselves how practical the high school of today has become.

An excellent program was given from eight until ten o'clock. The North Central High School chorus, band, and orchestra sang and played in the auditorium for the entertainment of those present. Later the program was transferred to the gymnasium, where exhibitions of regular daily gymnastic work were given.

There was marching, Swedish exercises, dumb-bell exercises, and dancing by the girls. The boys' share of the program was Swedish exercises, dumb-bell exercises, dancing, and apparatus work.

A great deal of good came of this "Open House" meeting. It brought parents and teachers together, and from now on there will be a common understanding between them; fathers and mothers came into closer contact with the real work of the school than ever before, and from now on there is no doubt that many a dilatory parent will realize how importance is the part he has to play in making the high school a success. This first meeting was so successful that others will be held in the future.

* * * *

The library of the school has been made far more attractive by the addition of six large pictures and an equal number of statues and busts.

The pictures are copies of Edwin A. Abbey's most famous works. The titles follow:

"Blanchefleur," "Castle of the Maidens," "Departure," "Key to the Castle," "Round Table," and "Loathy Damsel."

"Venus," "Abraham Lincoln," "David," "Mercury," "Apollo," and "Diana" are the names of the pieces of statuary and busts.

THE PASSING SHOW



OUR EDITOR -

LOVE IS SUCH A FUNNY THING

ASSOCIATE EDITOR -



BUT THIS IS THE GUY THAT DOES THE WORK -



I THINK MR. HADGEEVES AND THE ATHLETIC BOARD



SCENE FROM
BUL-BUL



AT THE BIG DEBATE



DONALD
J. STEWART.

AT THE JUNIOR A KID PARTY -



TAMARACK

The annual Masque Declamation Contest was held on November second, Cecilia Kerkhoven receiving first honors and Edna Herrington the second. Four persons were competing, the two others being Etienne Kerkhoven and Julia Corner.

A preliminary contest had been held before this, in which eleven other contestants had been eliminated. The four named above delivered their selections before the school. Miss Kerkhoven received five dollars and had her name engraved on the Masque Declamation cup. Miss Herrington received five dollars.

Louis Levin, leading man in the operetta "Bul-Bul," gave a vocal solo. His selection was "Beneath Thy Window." He was recalled and had to repeat his solo.

* * * *

"'The Zone of the Golden Medium,' where the common people live, must be found," declared Mayor W. J. Hindley of Spokane before the student body on November twentieth.

"There are ten millions of people within twenty-four hours of poverty. If these laborers were without work for one day they would not be able to pay cash for the food they would eat that day. On the other side are the billionaires, masters of business and commerce. They are extremely rich.

"There are extremists in religion, in dress, in amusements, and in social life. There are extremists in everything. What we want is the person who does not overdo or underdo these things—the person who seeks the 'Zone of the Golden Medium.'"

* * * *

Erma Wylder won first place in the annual Algebra Contest held under the auspices of the Mathematics Society. She was presented with a pennant and had her name engraved on the Mathematics cup. The pennant was presented to her by Elizabeth Farquhar, President of the society, in convocation on December eleventh.

A Geometry Contest will be held by the club in the spring, and the winner of this will receive the same honors as were given to Miss Wylder.

* * * *

Principal V. K. Froula, of Lincoln High School, Seattle, was a visitor of North Central High School on December twelfth. He spoke to the students in convocation.

Referring to the number of years it takes to complete a grade school, high school, and college course, he said:

"When God wants to make a mammoth oak He takes fifty years to do it; if He wants to make a squash He takes a few weeks. That is the difference between a well educated and poorly educated man.

TAMARACK.

"Think about the future; but it is far more important to take care of the present. The stepping stone to things above is the thing we do today and the way we do it."

The orchestra again appeared before the school and played several selections.

* * * *

Principal R. T. Hargreaves entertained the football men of the first and second teams in the East Room of Davenport's on December fifth. The other guests were: Mrs. R. T. Hargreaves, Coach and Mrs. Sam Moyer, Coach and Mrs. A. C. Woodward, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Kennedy, Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Neely, J. E. Davis, Miss Ethel Rogers, Donald Neely, and Lester Wood.

* * * *

"There is no real greatness without moral greatness," said President E. P. Craighead, of the University of Montana, before the school on December twelfth, in discussing this nation's remarkable rise.

"The high school boy of today knows more of the universe and sciences than the wisest of the ancients, but this does not make him greater than they. No one would dare to say he was greater than the authors of the Constitution because he has ridden in a palatial steamer or in a modern passenger train. We are the heirs of the ages, and it is because of those who have gone before that we now claim these modern wonders."

* * * *

The operetta, "Bul-Bul," was presented to a full house on December tenth, and proved to be the biggest musical or dramatic success ever given in the North Central High School, despite the fact that it looked at the last minute as if it would have to be postponed because of colds, mumps, and sickness.

* * * *

The Newspaper Class is now editing a magazine of their own, which is entitled the "Live Wire." This magazine or bulletin is made up from clippings of the newspapers in the country, and has all the important news of the world in it.

The class is divided up into three departments—city and state news, national news, and foreign news, each under an editor. A number of the paper is issued each Monday.

The plan has two ends in view. The first is to get the students to read the paper carefully, training them to pick out good stories; the second is the usefulness of the bulletin for reference work by the student body of the school.

* * * *

On the night of December twelfth the North Central High School Debating team, composed of Morton Morgoyles, Russell

TAMARACK.

White, and Edward Shears, defeated the Lewis and Clark team represented by Wesley La Violette, Guy Frazier, and Thomas Kelly.

The question was, "Resolved, That all unskilled laborers from Southern and Eastern Europe should be excluded from the United States." North Central had the negative side of the question and easily defeated the South Side representatives.

The judges were: President E. P. Craighead, of the University of Montana; Dr. S. L. Penrose, of Whitman; and V. K. Froula, Principal of the Lincoln High School.

* * * *

An enthusiastic athletic convocation was held on December seventeenth, when the football men of the first and second teams received their "S's." The auditorium resounded with the yells of school, and each one of the members of the first team was forced to make a "speech" to satisfy the student body.

* * * *

Mr. L. W. Sawtelle has received a letter from Alan Paine, who is a Freshman at Harvard University, which contains some things of interest to his friends in the school.

Mr. Paine tried out for the Freshman Debating team and easily made it. At the first tryout the contestants were allowed to deliver five-minute speeches, and Alan was the first pick of the judges. There were also seven others given places, among them being Herbert Schier, a former student of Lewis and Clark. At the second tryout Alan again took first place. This time he was chosen for the team. Herbert Schier did not get a place.

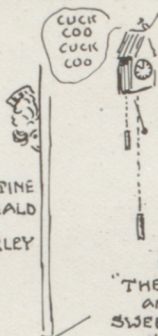
The Freshman team was beaten by the Sophomores in their first debate by a decision of two to one. Mr. Paine said this was in part due to the fact that they only had a week to prepare their debate in, and were without a coach. Therefore, they lacked coherence and fluency in delivery.





VERM
PALMER
"FOOTMAN"

ERNESTINE
M'DONALD
AS
Mrs. CARLEY



CUCK
COO
CUCK
COO

GEE!!
HE LIL
LIZ

MY BIG BRAVE
BEAUTIFUL
LOVEY
DOVEY . YOU!

CHRISTINE
CREMENS

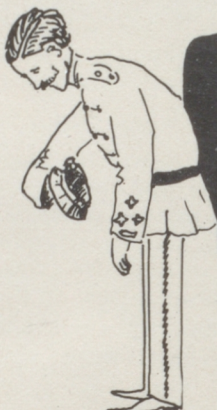
POTTER
"THE BUTLER"
AND HIS
SWEETHEART
"LIZZIE"



DON NEELY
AS
"MR. STEVEN
CARLEY"



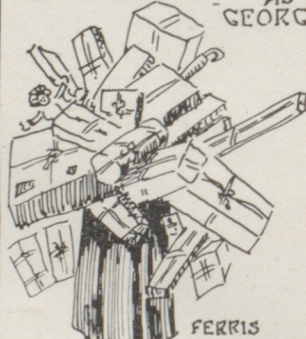
HAZEL
BRITTON
AS
"GEORGIANA"



MELVIN
PUGH
AS
LIEUTENANT
COLEMAN



"SPUD"
"THE
VILLAIN"



FERRIS
OR
BELLA SHINDLE

THE INFANT SQUAD



GENEVIEVE
HATCH



RALPH
NEELY



ROBERTA
PISHER



TREMAINE
SMITH



CANDY

TRUMA
AS
"Mrs. STEVEN
CARLEY"

SCIMORAUX.

Athletics

AN EXPLANATION

All effort at getting a basket-ball series arranged with Lewis and Clark went up in smoke when the Lewis and Clark coach flatly refused to play the North Central until February when three of the North Siders would have graduated.

The Lewis and Clark director said he would not play until February because North Central had railroaded a by-law into the Washington High School Athletic Association permitting Jack Abrams to play basket-ball four full years.

The rule which was introduced by the principal of the Everett High School permits all students in good standing to play four full years in any branch of athletics instead of the old rule which permitted one to participate on teams four seasons. The fact that the rule was passed without a dissenting voice clearly shows that the law was not railroaded through by anyone.

North Central last year won three straight games and the city championship. This year Lewis and Clark, instead of asking for dates, as is customary with the defeated team, demanded dates, stated what rules must be used, and where the games were to be played.

Mr. Woodward conceded to some of their demands, but when they refused to play until February, after three of the North Siders had graduated, he considered this unfair to North Central and insisted that the series be played as the series was played last year, under the same rules and as nearly as possible on the same date. As coach of the winning team he had this right. As the Lewis and Clark coach refused this offer the series has not been played and there will be no basket-ball games between the two schools this year.

This statement was printed in order to give the students a clear understanding of why the games were not played.



NORTH CENTRAL FOOTBALL TEAM

Second Annual Banquet

December 18, 1913

Parlors Centenary Presbyterian Church

Auspices Young People's Society

The fortunes of the Gridiron life, the Fates from Prophets bar;
Yet here's to the team,

Though short one strife that won the pigskin war.

The Winning Line-up

Leroy Hanley	R. E., 145 pounds
Don Briley	R. T., 178 pounds
Jean White, R. Maurer.....	R. G., 165 pounds
Robert Kolbe	C., 160 pounds
Wilfred Anderson	L. G., 160 pounds
Arthur Jones	L. T., 170 pounds
Jack Abrams	L. E., 165 pounds
Reg Bullivant, Harold Neely.....	Q., 140 pounds
Clyde Harris	L. H., 142 pounds
Frank Skadan	F., 156 pounds
John Van Dissel	R. H., 144 pounds

Line-Smashing Subs

Walter Russell David McKenzie John Stone

The Invited Guests

Prof. and Mrs. R. T. Hargreaves.....	Principal North High
Prof. and Mrs. Samuel Moyer.....	North High Coach
Prof. and Mrs. A. C. Woodward.....	Athletic Director
Dr. and Mrs. John R. Neely.....	First Aid to Injured
Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Briley.....	Parents of the Captain
Mr. Alvin House.....	Editor The Tamarack
Mr. Edwin Quigley.....	Captain of Second Team
Lester Wood.....	On Athletic Board

The Toasts

Rev. Conrad Bluhm.....	Introductory
Robert O'Brien	Welcome
Captain Don Briley.....	Response
Captain-Elect Robert Kolbe.....	Getting It From Every Side
Walter Russell.....	Squirring On the Bench
Edwin Quigley.....	The Second Violin
Doctor John R. Neely.....	Limp On the Field of Battle
Editor Alvin House.....	How the Tamarack Will Paint the Braves



Coach Samuel Moyer.....Building Up a Fighting Machine
Physical Director A. C. Woodward.....After the Battles Are Over
Jack Abrams, Captain 1912.....Farewell for the Vamoosers
Principal R. T. Hargreaves.....Retrospect and Prospect

FOOTBALL CONVOCATION

At a convocation, December seventeenth, sixteen first team and fourteen second team letters were presented to the members of the football squad by Principal Hargreaves.

Those receiving first team letters were: Captain Briley, Captain-elect Kolbe, Abrams, Jones, Anderson, Maurier, Hanley, Bul-livant, Skadan, Van Dissel, Harris, McKenzie, Stone, White, Russell, and Harold Neely.

Of the second team, Capt. Quigley, McPhee, Wallace, Durst, Anderson, Murray, Fertig, Brandt, Whitbeck, Flude, Kaempff, White, Hunter, and Moodhe received honor letters.

In appreciation of the work done by Coach Moyer during the past year the first team presented him with a handsome signet ring, bearing his initials, raised in three different tints of gold, while on both sides of the face there are miniature footballs, on one of which are the numerals 1913, and on the other, N. C. H. S. The ring was presented by ex-Captain Briley.

At a meeting of the letter men held at the close of the foot-ball season, Robert Kolbe, All-Northwest center and for two years center at the North Central, was elected Captain of the 1914 team.

Under the eyes of Coach Moyer and Captain Kolbe, N. C. is sure of having a winning aggregation in 1914. Let every one get behind him and his team and avenge the Thanksgiving game.

ALL-STARS

As usual, after the curtain has fallen on the football season, scribes all over the country get busy and pick the mythical all-star teams—the team to which every player aspires, but which few attain.

Ex-Captains Briley and Abrams, and also Captain-elect Kolbe were chosen for the All-Northwest eleven by a majority of the scribes, critics, and coaches in the Northwest, thereby making the All-Northwest eleven. Briley and Abrams have made the All-Northwest team in both 1912 and 1913.



ATHLETIC COUNCIL BANQUET

In appreciation of their loyalty and hard work during the past season, the Athletic Council of the North Central gave the football squad, their lady friends, Mr. and Mrs. Moyer, Mr. and Mrs. Woodward, Doctors Mr. and Mrs. Benefiel, Dr. and Mrs. Neely, Miss Corwin, Miss Rogers, Mr. Davis, Arnold Burmaster, and Tom Allen, a banquet in the East Room at Davenport's.

Principal Hargreaves acted as Toastmaster. The program was as follows:

Between Halves.....	Mr. Woodward
The High Spiral.....	Captain Briley
The Scrubs.....	Claudius Murray
Our Boys.....	Hazel Britton
On the Side Lines.....	Mr. Kennedy
An Extemporaneous Toast.....	Dr. Neely
A Reading.....	Miss Rogers
A Music Treat.....	Arnold Burmaster
Split Buck.....	Mr. Moyer

BASKET-BALL

In order to get a line on the material for basket-ball a class basket-ball league was formed, with seven teams. The Junior A and B teams combined into one team, making only seven teams in the league.

The Junior and Senior B teams tied for first place, each team having won five and lost one game apiece. The Senior A's were second, with two defeats and four victories.

Class	Won	Lost
Senior B	5	1
Juniors	5	1
Senior A	4	2
Sophomore A	3	3
Sophomore B	1	5
Freshman B	1	5
Freshman A	0	6
	21	21



⇒ OUR BASKET-BALL TEAM ⇒



"JAKE" ABRAMS

"STEVIE" STEVENS

⇒ TWO PLAYERS WE WILL LOSE ⇒
⇒ BY GRADUATION ⇒



N. C. H. S. 30, Y. M. C. A. 18

In a practice game with the Y. M. C. A. on Monday, December fifteenth, the North Central High School basket-ball team defeated the "Y," 30-18, in a game featured by the team work of the North Central.

The guarding of Palmquist and Burmaster and the field shooting of Lichty and Abrams was of a high order. Stevens played the floor well, but was unlucky in his shooting.

Line-Up

N. C. H. S.		Y. M. C. A.	
Abrams	L. F.	Lang	
Stevens	R. F.	Smith	
Lichty	C.	Asbury	
Burmaster	R. G.	Evans	
Palmquist	L. G.	Hupperton	

Substitutions: Johnson for Stevens, Skadan for Palmquist, Gray for Burmaster, McDonald for Lichty, and Cox for Abrams.

Scoring: Abrams, 7; Lichty, 5; Palmquist, 3; Smith, 2; Hupperton, 2; Lang, 3; Asbury, 2.

Referee: Davis, of North Central.

N. C. 38, LATAH 21

Before a crowd of yelling, howling, raving rooters North Central defeated Latah in a hotly contested game, 38-21.

Stevens and Lichty, of the North Central, played a good game, while for Latah, C. Davis and J. Shepperd were the stars.

North Central swept Latah off their feet by brilliant flashes of team work, but their flashes were but temporary. Unlike their previous conduct North Central used little headwork and, but for the poor shooting of the Latah team, there might have been a different story to relate.

Line-Up

N. C. H. S.		Latah	
Abrams	L. F.	C. Davis	
Stevens	R. F.	D. Shepperd	
Lichty	C.	J. Shepperd	
Palmquist	L. G.	E. Davis	
Burmaster	R. G.	Jarvis	

Substitutions: Johnson for Stevens, Cox for Johnson, McDonald for Lichty, Skadan for Palmquist, and Gray for Burmaster.



Baskets: Stevens, 8; Lichty, 2; Abrams, 3; Palmquist, Burmaster, 2; J. Shepperd, 6; D. Shepperd, E. Davis, 2.

Fouls: Shepperd, 7 out of 13; Abrams, 6 out of 7.

Referee: George Varnell, Chicago.

BASKET-BALL CAPTAIN

At a meeting of the 1912 basket-ball letter men, Jack Abrams, Captain of last year's team, was again chosen Captain for the 1913 season. Abrams has played on the team for four seasons and will graduate in January. Ben Cowan, Captain of the team, entered Whitman, leaving the captaincy open.

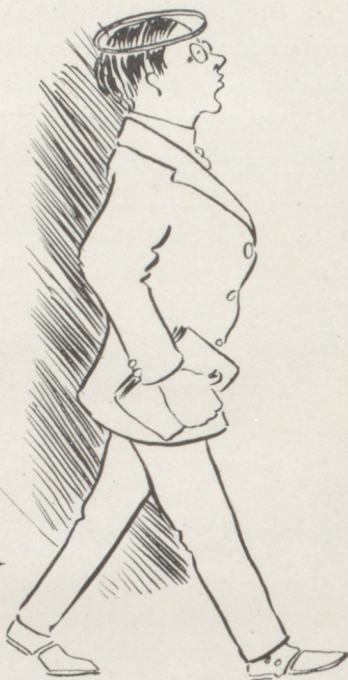




OUR
FRESHMAN
DEBATER



HUNTER AFTER
THE ADS



A SENIOR



TRoubles OF
THE STAFF



BEHIND THE
COUNTER



CAN YOU
HEAR
IT



OUR BRIGHT
SHINING
LIGHT



BEWARE OF THE
PIT



ON THE SCHOOL STAGE

DONALD J. STEWART



Jokes

FUSSERS' CLUB

Object—To Promote Fussing
 Petticoat-of-Arms—
 Cupids Supporting a Box of
 Staples, Surmounted by a
 Bunch of Violets
 Flower—The Bleeding Heart
 Emblem—A Broken Dart
 Chief Heartbreaker
 Don Neely
 Serene Sampler of the Fudge....
 Hugh McElroy
 Minor Fussers
 Dave McKenzie, Don Briley,
 Herb Bahns, Alvin House
 Steadies
 Jack Abrams, Tom Allen,
 Lester Wood
 Sunday Afternoon 4 o'Clocks....
Hob Stewart, "Spud" Davies
 Ineligible
 Garrett Whitbeck, "Curly"
 Skadan
 Most Grand High Fussiologist
 Howard Dennison

Daughter of the Goss-Sip Society

The D. G. S. S. is a new organization of the girls of the North Central High School. There has long been a need of such a society, but not until recently was the agitation sufficient to warrant the organization. The club is a branch of the G. S. S. Meetings of the society will be held any time that occasion demands—usually between periods—but in urgent

cases during classes. The purpose of the club is a momentous one and deserves careful consideration, for it is to discuss other people's affairs. Important questions, such as the new dress of B—, and who took C— to the dance, and what time did J— leave Sunday night, will be discussed. Two members constitute a quorum. New members are solicited and will be heartily welcomed.

"When you take Geometry always take a compass."

"To draw circles with?"

"No, because there are so many angles you won't be able to find your way back without one."

Bigrow, Bigrow County,
 Dec. 10, 1913.

Mr. Editor:—

I take my Pen in hand to inform you that I'm in good health and trust these few lines will find you enjoyin' the same blessings'. I would also state I am now on my summer vacation arter a chilly winter. Bizness is scarcely middlin', but sirs, i manige to pay for my foode and raimant puncktovally and on time.

Bizness was good till these thar wimmin folks got a notion o' that foolishness called Wimmin Sufferage. They comed to

Ninety-seven

TAMARACK.

my office to interview me as Editor o' our paper. You could a heerd them coming down the street a mile ascrapping wid each oder so loud. i was in the midst o' my Sunday editorial when Flora May and her female warriors bust thru that door.

They devoured my editorial which I was working on, called "The Dooty of our Wimmin to their Homes." Flora May took charge o' things and sez, "Git up."

Wal, I got up. There wasn't much else to do with all them wimmin folks standin' round so I up and offer 'em my seat.

Flora May sez in a very grand voice, "Mr. Editor, we have came to tell you that Wimmin should have thar rights, and us wimmin's agoing to have 'em to." She hit the floor a bang with her broom 'till it splashed ink over my clean seleloide cuffs lying on the desk, and now I have to wash 'em off again.

"Yes," sez i, "but how are ye going to get 'em?"

"Fight for 'em," they cried togeder, till I backed up in the corner o' the room and pulled my cher in front.

"Now," sez Flora May, "you air to write a editorial for next Sunday, nominatin' Liza Green for president o' the Home for Maimed Animals. Ye understand?" and she give such a rap with that air broom on my barefooted head I couldn't say a wurd.

Wal, I rote the editorial and still they weren't satisfied. To

make a long story short they quit using the paper, and if the men bring it home, they burn it rite up and they don't bring me no more vittals like they used to. I are going to rite a good editorial for them for it pays to have the wimmin like you. Take a little advice my boy, and profit by my sad experience.

Your umble friend,

Josh. Sniderbush.

Post Scriptus:—I rote my editorial and today the wimmin brought me a chicken and a lot of other vittals. It pays, all right.

"Shake well before using."
(Found in a Physic book.)

Notice to the Freshies

A collection has been taken up for the benefit of the Freshies, the proceeds to go for a general haircut. To make this proposition a success, a hair-dressing parlor will be established where the girls may purchase at reasonable rates the surplus hair.

Mr. Ramsay—"The property owner is hit by a number of different boards."

"Bashful people shouldn't meddle with electricity."

"Why?"

"Because they get shocked so easily."

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them.

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Riverside & Monroe

The New "Court of Justice"

A few of the laws passed at
their last meeting:

Article II: An innocent mur-
derer cannot be hanged for the
same offense twice.

Article I: All thieves are
equal in the eyes of the law.

Article III: Anyone commit-
ting murder or the like, is liable
to fine or imprisonment.

Article IV: In this court you
are assured of absolute justice
as the juries are selected from
some of the most able criminals
in the land.

Article V: Anyone wishing to
have his or her picture placed in
the rogue's gallery will please
telegraph to the judge by mail.

Article VI: All correspond-
ence done with the prisoners
must be done in person.

Article VII: Visiting is al-
lowed only on the first seven
days of the week. Visitors are
requested to take off their hats
in the jail, and to bring some-
thing to eat to the prisoners as
they are fed only once a day
here.

Article VIII: The visitors will
be admitted only on Mondays,
Wednesdays or Saturdays.

Article IX: Criminals are ad-
vised to keep away from the
jail.

Article X: Visitors are re-
quested not to expectorate on
the ceilings when visiting the
jail.

Article XI: Any man or
woman committing murder will
be arrested if he or she does not
give himself up.

Court is adjourned.

Judge Prunetree.

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And gloves and flowers all just
right,
To make the sweet girl graduate.

A suit of black or sombre blue,
White gloves and button-hole
bouquet;
All show to us that it is true
That this is his Commencement
Day.

WANT ADS

Wanted—An introduction to
Truma T. Leslie Hottes.

Wanted—Some one to take me
to the Senior Banquet. Senior
Girl.

Wanted—Courage to ask a girl
to the banquet. Senior Boy.

Wanted—A calendar so I can
remember my dates. Jean Gor-
rill.

Wanted—A rest-room for the
boys.

Wanted—Speeches for the bas-
ket-ball convocation. Basket-ball
Team.

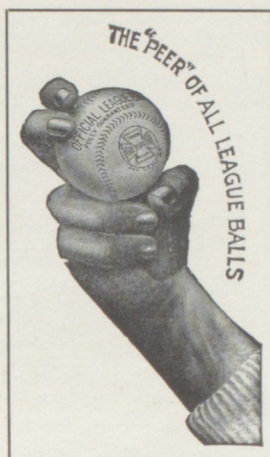
Wanted—A standin with Carol
H. Louis Levin.

Notice—That the Bunn-Holden
vacancy has been filled by Arthur
E. and Clover B.

Wanted—More football heroes
to talk with me in the halls.
Estelle Culliton.

Mr. Johnson (in microscopic
study in Botany)—“You have
seen the change in shape of the
garnets. Now we will study the
shape of the sporophyte, and
Ben over here has that shape.”

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THE CONVENIENCE OF HEX

By Lois Darr, Jan. '14

A girl leaned idly over the one railing of the little old footbridge and looked down into the lazy stream that slipped along over its smooth bed, scarcely whispering to itself. It pictured the blue sky and the white clouds, the few trees that grew along its edge, the old footbridge, and the girl. The picture was good to look upon, and perhaps that was why the girl lingered so long. At least she gazed very intently down into the brook where she saw herself clad in a cool, white shirtwaist suit and a side-tilted straw sailor.

Finally she turned half-way round and yawned, made a face at herself in the brook, and sighed. Then she turned to the little dog that had been sitting calmly at her feet and shook her finger at him accusingly.

"This calm beauty is good enough to inspire sentiment and amateur poems, but I find I'm getting tired of it, so there now, Hex. And really aren't you, too? Don't you wish we had something to do?"

She sank down on a large rock by the side of the stream and gazed disconsolately at her small canvas oxfords. Hex evidently did not consider the question worth answering, for he merely laid himself down with his nose on his paws and closed his eyes.

Suddenly there was a step on the bridge and both girl and dog looked up to see a tall young man with a gun on his shoulder. The girl was so startled that she looked straight at him. When he had passed she still stared absentmindedly into space. "Now where in the world have I seen him before?" she mused, wrinkling her forehead. Then, "He must have come from that white house up there," looking across the bridge. "Come, Hex, the sun is going down," and the girl and the dog turned down the path in the same direction that the young man had taken.

That evening at the supper table her Uncle Andy remarked,
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BROS. SHOES. 520 Riverside

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Popular Priced Tailoring Company

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Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing

SAY: "I SAW YOUR AD IN THE TAMARACK"

"The Newmans have got a summer boarder, I guess. I saw a young feller out gunnin' this evenin' and he went in there. Looks like a westerner, too."

"No, he's not a boarder," said Mrs. Corson. "He's Mr. Newman's old friend's son. But he is from the West all right. Mrs. Newman told me all about him. I think he's from the same part of the country you're from, Marjorie. His name's Howard Richmond."

"Richmond," murmured Marjorie, and suddenly her brow cleared and she laughed. "Aunt Nell," she cried, leaning forward, "did you tell Mrs. Newman I came from Montana?"

"Why—ee, I—why, no—I don't think I mentioned it. Did you want——"

"Well, then, dont. And Uncle Andy, don't you, either. They probably won't ask you, but if they should, don't tell."

Her uncle and aunt both laughed. They were not very well acquainted with their niece and her "freakish" ways, but they were both good natured and were growing to like her. As Mrs. Corson remarked that evening, "She's an odd girl, but I think she has a very sweet disposition, and she's very pretty. When the end of the month comes we'll miss her dreadfully."

Marjorie had heretofore been a daily visitor at the brook and the next day found her again down by the bridge, this time comfortably seated on the bank under the shade of the big old tree. She had just opened her

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Scaly Skin or Weeping Sores

from which oozes a clear liquid, which causes an intolerable

ITCHING

and makes life an itching misery, especially at night.

The old-syle method of treating the disease with greasy, sticky salves and soaps, simply covered over the skin, thereby giving the parasites a better opportunity to live underneath.

The treatment of eczema has of late undergone a complete and radical change, and so, instead of treating the surface only, a clean, cooling and penetrating lotion may now be applied, which goes to the bottom of the sores and kills the germs,

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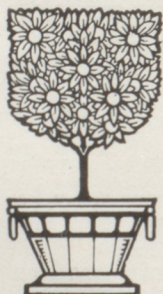
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SPOKANE

book, after reproving Hex for barking at a squirrel in the tree, when she saw the stranger of the day before coming down the path from the white house. He was sauntering carelessly along, apparently deep in thought. Marjorie watched him, though she seemed to be reading and stroking Hex. The squirrel in the tree grew interested and stopped chattering to watch the proceedings. And he noticed that just as the man stepped on the edge of the bridge, Marjorie's hand ceased its long, even strokes and gave Hex a forcible push. He also heard a splash, a dismal howl, and a cry of distress. Then he saw Mr. Howard Richmond pull a dripping, be-draggled bundle of fur out of the water, while Marjorie stood by with her hands clasped in fright.

"Oh, thank you! thank you! Let me have him. How good of you! He must be nearly drowned; How could it have happened?"

Mr. Richmond still held the dog.

"I'm glad to have saved him. No, I really can't understand it. It was very awkward of the dog, and dogs are so liable to drown, too."

Marjorie shot a quick glance at him. His face was perfectly serious, although she thought she detected something besides seriousness in his voice. "Give him to me," she said.

"Hadn't I better take him, he's so wet, and your——" He glanced at her fresh white dress.

"Well — he — ah — he could walk."



When winter unleashes her icy blasts—snuggle up to yourself in a real overcoat.

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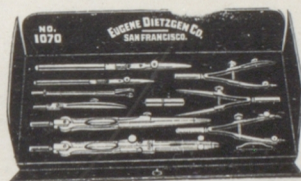
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required to get
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Oh You Student!

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sweet-
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**HOME
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165 S. HOWARD

"Yes, of course, but he might take cold, you know."

Marjorie looked up quickly. "You're laughing," she said crossly.

"Laughing! Upon my word, I'm not, and I really think you'd better let me carry him. I haven't a card, but I'm Howard Richmond of Montana, and I'm spending a few weeks with my friends, the Newmans. My father's name is Charles Howard Richmond, and he's a wholesale dealer in books and artists' supplies. But pardon me, really, I beg your pardon. How thoughtless of me to keep you waiting. Come, let's go." And the squirrel, who had heard every word, watched them go down the path, and noticed that Hex was frolick-

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the

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Because

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advertise it in the Tamarack.



408 RIVERSIDE
Near Washington St.

ing along behind them, taking cold.

"Goodness, Marjorie," said Mrs. Corson a couple of weeks later, "only three days more of your visit. I'd ask you to stay longer if there was anything here to interest——"

"Oh, Aunt Nell, do ask me—I'm awfully fond of you and Uncle Andy and—I—I just love the place."

It was the last of August. Marjorie and Howard Richmond sat under the big tree by the brook. The squirrel sat on the longest limb and looked at Hex, who was too lazy to bark at him, and decided it was time for him to go in to bed when he heard Howard's voice and paused to listen.

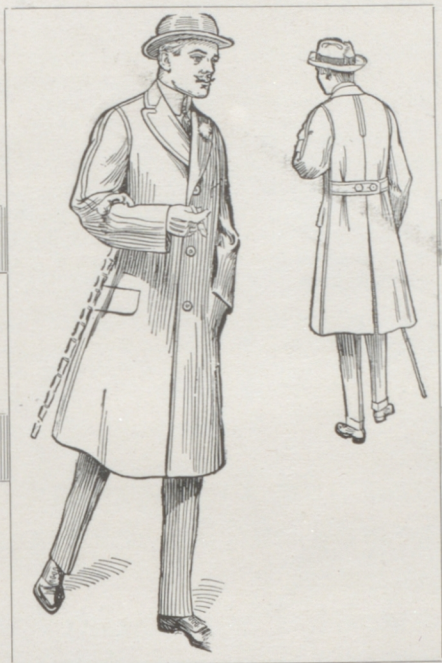
"Do you remember that this is our last evening, Marjorie? Tomorrow I must go back to Montana."

"And tomorrow I must pack up so that I can leave the next day for—somewhere else," said Marjorie.

"This is the place where I saw you first, and where we fished Hex out that day, and I brought you here this evening to tell you something." He stood up so suddenly that the squirrel ran down the hollow tree-trunk in alarm. It was long before he dared venture out again, and when he did Marjorie's voice was saying:

"Howard, my conscience never has been quite comfortable since that day. I—I'd like to 'fess up tonight. You know when Hex

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fell into the brook; well, I—I pushed him in.”

“You cruel girl! And you pretend to care for him.”

“Well,” indignantly, “do you think I don’t know dogs can swim? Well, I’ve seen him go in and swim lots of times.”

“Well,” answered Howard, “since you have confessed, I will too. I saw you push him in.”

“You saw me? Then you were laughing. There! I always thought so.”

“Oh—I—that is—oh, Marjorie, just think, I won’t see you again for a whole year. What a pity we don’t both go to the same place.”

“But I, —Howard,—I’m not through confessing. I never would have pushed Hex into the brook and got you to fish him out if I hadn’t known you.”

“Known me——”

“And you didn’t recognize me—don’t you remember, last winter I met you at your aunt’s place?”

“What? Not the big feed at——”

“At your Aunt Mollie’s. We live on the farm right next to hers.”

“You mean——”

“That I’m a Montana girl and that for two years I’ve——”

But here the squirrel fell to chuckling so, that he had to back into his tree-trunk.

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merchandise we offer.

"Do you know the most popu-
lar way to dress the hair?"

"No—I haven't heard."

"A la divorcee."

"Heavens! How's that?"

"Parted."—Ex.

Heard in History Class.

Teacher—"Give the character-
istics of the English Puritans
in 1650."

Bright Student—"They were
a people inclinable to singulari-
ties. Their humor was to differ
from all the world, and, shortly,
from themselves. It was this
hereditary humor, somewhat
stimulated by the keen winds of
Massachusetts Bay, that fur-
nished the spirit for the
Whiskey Rebellion.

Time without number

These jokes have been told;

Laugh again, will you?

And never grow old.

"Why is a Sophomore like a
sore pimple?"

"Because he has just come to
a head."—Ex.

Fuss!

Late hours!

Umbrella!

No chaperon!

Kate!

"He slipped on the floor and
killed himself."

"Sort of a hardwood finish,
eh?"—Ex.

Teacher—"Get to work. No
one can study looking at me."

Boy (whispering in corner)—
"Alas! 'tis true."

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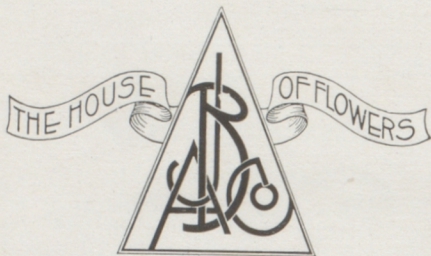
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ery, Sporting Goods, Paints,
Varnishes, Alabastine and
Chinamel, see

BROWN



Store No. 1, 01429 Monroe St.
Phone Max. 1460

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SPOKANE TABLE SUPPLY

FINE GROCERIES *and*
TABLE DELICACIES

Sprague and Wall

SPOKANE, WASH.

Students Make Money

I'LL give you 15% commission on all orders of
Job Printing you bring me or put me in
touch with. Send or phone a \$10 order and you
get \$1.50. Most buyers of Printing in Spokane
are familiar with the **Sherman** grade of work as
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The Print Shop of Cleveland Sherman

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SHIVELY

The Photographer

High Class Work Our Specialty

Can save you money on all high priced work.
We have as fine equipped studio for producing
work as any in Spokane.

511 KUHN BLK.

Mr. Overman (talking of syllogism in Eng. VI)—“All women are hysterical. ‘B——’ is woman, therefore ‘B——’ is hysterical.”

Carl W.—“That isn’t true, all bees aren’t women, therefore all bees aren’t hysterical.”

Forrest Durst (who sits directly in front of Miss Jones’ desk)—“I didn’t hear you assign that.”

Miss Jones—“Forrest, how much closer do you want to get?”

Mr. Prickett—“John, is there anything you can do better than anyone else?”

John Teel—“Yes, sir; read my own writing.”

H. I. Somers Company

Manufacturers of
BASE BALL SUITS
PENNANTS, PILLOWS
AND ARM BANDS



Athletic Goods of All Kinds



Ladies’ and Men’s Shirts
Track and Gym Suits

811-13 Second Avenue
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High School Students

Are Interested in the
STENOTYPE

As well as Gregg Shorthand, Touch Typewriting and Rowe's Accountancy. All these are taught in the

NORTHWESTERN Business College

Let this school demonstrate—let us show you what we are doing. Visitors are welcome.

Do you desire a good paying position?

The Northwestern can INCREASE YOUR EARNING-POWER and assist you to secure employment.

Our Catalog is free—ask for one today.

M. M. HIGLEY, President

Tel. R. 312 and A 2588—Cor. Post and Third

Harmon Millinery

Miss Sadie Harmon, Prop.



**Exclusive Dressmaking of all
kinds at Reasonable Prices**

01817 DIVISION STREET

Phone Maxwell 2519

WILSON

**Up to Date
TAILORING**

**626-27-28 Hutton Bldg.
Main 6840**

The new importation of Spring and Summer stock of woollens has already come and ready for inspection, which is the finest ever shown in this part.

Our Ladies' department makes ladies' clothes of all descriptions, the only one of its kind in the West. Give us a call. Prices are reasonable. Style, fit and fine workmanship has no comparison.

NORTH CENTRAL BOYS AND GIRLS!

DON'T

buy "hand-me-down" clothes when you can have them *made-to-order* for the same money.

☛ We advertise in the *Tamarack* because we know the young men and young ladies of North Central High School want

First-Class Tailoring, and we have it.
Stylish Clothes, and we make them.
Reasonable Prices, and we give them.

Latest Patterns and Styles to Select From

Make This Ad Pay Us

FORSANDERS & JOHNSON, 02804 Monroe Street

Some parents who received twin girls,

So I have heard it stated,
Baptized them "Kate" and "Duplicate,"

So nearly were they mated;
But in the after years those names by

Some folks were bated;
For "Kate" was so like "Duplicate,"

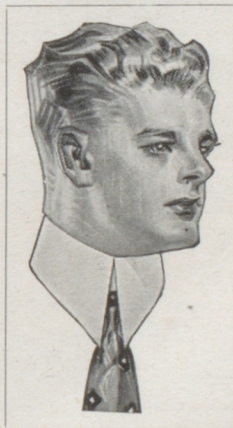
They got them "compliKated."

Mother—"Tommy, why do you scratch your head?"

Tommy—" 'Cause I'm the only one what knows where it itches."

Art. Meehan and "Mutt" Belshaw announce that they have watches. Say, boys, lubricating oil can be found at the session room.

The Necktie and Collar Shop



WINONA

Mrs. Harry L. King

S. 14 Howard St. Cor. Sprague

A Complete Line of Mens' Shirts

Our Removal Sale will Interest You

☞ Young men and young women will be equally interested in the great removal sale that is going on in the Culbertson, Grote-Rankin Store, for practically everything needed for wear can be bought now at less price.

☞ All suits and overcoats for young men are on sale.

☞ All womens' and girls suits, coats and dresses are on sale.

☞ All millinery is on sale at half price.

☞ Shoes for men and women are cut in price and furnishing goods of every description can now be bought at less prices than they ever before have been sold at.

**Culbertson,
Grote-Rankin
COMPANY**

Chemicals and Laboratory Supplies



The C.M. Fassett Co.
SPOKANE

Mr. Bonser—"If we have a wood saw and are sawing wood, what is the power?"

E. Kerkhoven—"Horse power."

Mr. Sawtelle (in discussion on wireless calls)—"What does S. O. S. mean?"

Freshie—"Sink or swim."

Heard in Freshie English Class.

In 1909 Macaroni (instead of Marconi) invented the wireless telegraphy.

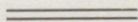
Mr. Overman (getting on a car before girls)—"Somewhere I have heard the saying, 'Ladies first,' but since I can't remember the source I won't apply it."



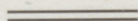
*All winter merchandise
sacrificed in*

K
The & SEMI-
ANNUAL **Rummage Sale**
H

now in progress



PRICES SENSATIONAL *in the* EXTREME



Kemp & Hebert



There are a few good printing plants in Spokane—
We are one of them.

The Gamarack

Is Printed by the

McEACHERN
PRINTING CO.

The best type faces;
the best workmen;
the promptest deliveries,
makes it possible for us
to please the man who wants
“quick action.”

Big or little—no matter
what your printing need
is, we can and will fill it as
you want it filled and at a
price you'll like to pay.

Look at the good advertising
composition in
in this magazine; remember
we did it—we can do as well
for *you*.—Let us figure on
your next order.

NORTH CENTRAL STATISTICS

The Best Fusser.....	Reggie Bullivant
The Most Brilliant Senior.....	Berta Hindley
The Best Grumbler.....	Lloyd Kamrath
The Best Speaker.....	Edward Shears
The Most Modest Senior.....	Lester Ellis
The Most Promising Star Actor.....	Louis Levin
The Cutest Boy.....	Leslie Hottes
The Most Dramatic Student.....	Carol Hocking
The Most Popular Boy.....	The New Fellow
The Most Bashful Girl.....	Cecelia Kerkhoven
The Best Grafter.....	John Shaw
The Prettiest Girl.....	Thelma Sherer
The Best "Hot Air" Artist.....	Murrel Davies
The Greatest Smiler.....	Mr. Sawtelle
The Tallest Girl.....	Edna Herrington
The Quietest Girl.....	Lutie Hicks
The Best Athlete.....	Don Briley
The Greatest Talker.....	"Rus" White

A New Invention—Most wonderful of modern inventions, a new method of keeping awake. Keeps the eyes open by means of an invisible brace. Patent applied for. For particulars go to Gordon Bracking.

"Gee, I went down to the doctor yesterday and he took ten bones out of my right hand."

CRANE'S

Mid-Winter

School Shoes



Fresh New Models and up to the Keynote of Style.

Shoes, prices that appeal to students and shoes THAT WEAR.

Young Women's \$4.00 Party Slippers\$2.85
Satin, Suede and Velvet

CRANE

Shoe Co.

519 Riverside Ave.



Our Haircutting stands the most critical examination

Mr. Freshman:

Let us prove it to you at our cost

We will allow you 10c. on every Haircut
you receive during the months of
*January, February, March
and April*

We are satisfying over 300 of the most fastidious
students with our Haircutting

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